GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
APR 21 1934

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VII. No. 151 (New Series) SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	29
PATRIOTS AND POSES	32
THE PROBLEM OF THE SAAR	33
THE EXISTENCE STANDARD. By Gerald Barry	34
A LONDON DIARY	35
THIS ENGLAND	36
HERETICS. By Y. Y.	37
TO THE MONSTER OF LOCH NESS. By MacFlecknoe	38
CORRESPONDENCE	38
From A. Lloyd James; X; F. Bedford; Vernon Crompton; Ronald Kidd; A Fortunate Diabetic; Edward Marsh; W. N. Ewer; Naomi Mitchison.	
ARTS, FUN AND TAXES. By Ivor Brown	40
AMERICAN ACTING. By Desmond MacCarthy	41
THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION. By T. W. Earp	42
PLAYS AND PICTURES	43
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	44
REVIEWS:	Page
New Novels. By Peter Quennell	46
Mr. Sturge Moore. By Austin Clarke	48
The Kindly Light. By Richard Strachey	48
Philosophies of Mathematics. By M. Cornforth	50
An Elizabethan Adventurer. By K. John	50
Two Physicians. By Donald Carswell	52
National Workshops. By Harold J. Laski	54
Ersatz	56
Harris of The *Times*	56
The American Procession	58
SHORTER NOTICES	58
ABOUT MOTORING	60
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	62
CROSSWORD	66
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	68

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

BY way of honouring the pitiable Van der Lubbe for his very dubious political motives the Nazis have cut off his head instead of hanging him. The Dutch Government, which has been intervening for him on the very good ground that the legal penalty for arson was not death when the Reichstag was fired, expresses "disappointment" at the execution. But the Nazis do not share the usual objection of civilised people to retroactive laws nor to the execution of an insane man. Meanwhile, the four men who were acquitted at Leipzig have not been released. Several neighbouring States have expressed their willingness to allow the three Bulgarians transit through their territory. If the Hitler Government does not wish to add to the evil reputation it has brought upon itself by this trial, it will see to it that the men who have been acquitted by its own Supreme Court are released from gaol, and their safety—an important matter in view of General Göring's threats in court—assured until they are out of Germany.

The German Pastors

Few of us, whatever our creed or our politics, will refuse to applaud the stand of the 6,000 German Protestant Pastors against the Nazification of their Church. The demand of the Primate, Dr. Müller, and those behind him is Erastianism run mad—and all the madder because those whom they are trying to coerce are loyal supporters of the Nazi regime. What they are up in arms against is the destruction not merely of their spiritual freedom, but of the fundamentals of their religion itself. The "German Christians," who have instigated this *Gleichschaltung*, want the abolition of half the Bible and the transmogrification of Christ into an "Aryan hero"—which appears to mean a God made in the image of General Göring. The fierce resistance put up by so great a body of the clergy and their congregations shows that Hitlerism has not stamped out all regard for freedom in the normal German Nazi. And it is a warning that the Government may be well advised to heed; for history proves that men who begin by fighting for religious liberty will end by fighting for other liberties. The Primate promises a short way with the dissenters; he will sack the lot, he says. But can he carry out such a threat? The six thousand have some powerful friends, including President von Hindenburg, as well as a widespread popular backing. And there are indications, as we write, that Hitler himself, though Dr. Müller is his own nominee and friend, will not support him in going to extremes.

Geneva Again

The Council of the League of Nations will meet on Monday, and will have on its agenda the question of the

Saar and the arrangements for next year's plebiscite. No doubt the disarmament problem will continue to be argued over in private by the statesmen at Geneva; but there seems no prospect of the Conference reassembling before the end of the month. The Germans have not yet prepared their reply to the latest French proposals, and though these proposals have been hailed in many quarters as more promising, they are being subjected to the closest scrutiny in Berlin. Even if we are optimistic enough to believe that Herr Hitler and his friends really care about anything but the rearmament of Germany, they remain profoundly suspicious of all concessions offered and demanded by France. In particular, they are dubious about her readiness to reduce her air force by 50 per cent. and the conditions attached to such a reduction. If this merely means internationalising 50 per cent., then it is "thank you for nothing," since the internationalised half, they say, would still be in effect under French control. And, even if half her aeroplanes were actually scrapped, France, with Poland and Czechoslovakia, would still be left with 3,000 to Germany's 0. We continue to hope; but we should be agreeably surprised at any tangible result of these "direct negotiations."

L'Affaire Stavisky

History is full of great swindles that have shaken States—from the Panama Canal case half a century ago down to the Teapot Dome and Kreuger and Oustric in our own days. "L'affaire Stavisky" is second to none of them in sensationalism, and it may have more serious political consequences than any. Stavisky seems to have been a rather second-rate rascal, but with a winning tongue and manner which he exploited cleverly. How many prominent personages were involved with him, as principals or accessories, we do not, and probably never shall, know. Suspicion naturally fell on M. Dalimier, Minister of Colonies in the Chautemps Government, and formerly Minister of Labour when the Bayonne fraud was hatched. M. Dalimier maintains that he acted quite innocently in recommending the pawnshop bonds, and there is no definite evidence to the contrary. But his retention in the Cabinet was impossible, and he has resigned. That, however, has not satisfied M. Chautemps' adversaries either on the Right or the Left, and the circumstances of Stavisky's death have added to the Government's trouble. It was not suicide, they say, but murder by the police, in order to stop more exposures. This may sound fantastic to us, but it is widely believed in France, where public feeling is at boiling point. We do not attach great importance to the disturbances outside the Chamber of Deputies, which have been mainly worked up by L'Action Française. It is what may happen inside that matters. By the time these lines are in print, the Chautemps Ministry may have fallen—to be succeeded by a Government of the Right with a foreign policy that will worsen international difficulties.

The Roosevelt Budget

The week in the United States has been devoted to the public assimilation of President Roosevelt's budget message, with its announcement of a huge programme of Government borrowing over the next two years, and a return to a balanced budget promised for 1936. According to orthodox European ideas the message ought to have knocked the stock markets prostrate, utterly destroyed business confidence, and caused a first-class political crisis; for Europe has been taught to regard a balanced budget as the first essential of statecraft. Mr. Roosevelt has other views; and his projects of huge public expenditure have been received almost without a tremor. The Americans are not frightened, as we are, of a rising debt. Their debt, in relation to their resources, is small in comparison with ours; and they have paid off so much of it since the war that they feel no doubt of their ability to repeat the process if once a revival of trade can be brought about. For any such revival public spending on a large scale is understood, despite the protests of a few "sound money" men, to be an essential instrument. The American Federation of Labour, in its latest report, estimates the expansion in normal employment since the "New Deal" began at under two millions, and the number employed through the Public Works Administration at over four millions and a half. Thus most of the expansion of consuming power has so far come directly from Government expenditure; what rises there have been in wage-rates have been more than offset by the increase in prices. Public works are the pivot of the Roosevelt policy, and they connote large Government borrowing.

Capital Issues

Of course, the long-run success of the Roosevelt policy depends on the stimulus thus applied being passed on to industry generally, so as to cause an increase in ordinary demand. This is already happening to some extent; the question is whether it is happening enough. There has not so far been much revival in the ordinary capital market, and the blame is laid by American financiers on the Securities Act, modelled on our own Companies Acts, as a means of preventing fraudulent issues. It is, however, very doubtful whether the Securities Act has really much to do with the situation. The new issue market will not return to regular activity till there is a fair belief in the revival lasting, or until existing plant capacity has been fairly well absorbed, as far as it is worth bringing back into use, and the financial soundness of the concerns which ask for money reasonably assured. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation will have a large part to play; and it seems to be taking a stronger line just now in insisting on the reorganisation of banks which it is in a position to control on account of its advances of capital. Meanwhile, public issues will fill up the void in the capital market, and counteract deflationary tendencies; and the effects of the public works programme in enlarging purchasing power will be more and more felt now that the various schemes are getting into full operation. The Roosevelt experiment is still open to serious dangers; but we shall be surprised if, for the next year or so, it does not carry the United States a long way towards full employment and a revival of "confidence." It may, indeed, end by carrying America too far—into a new boom; for the Americans have not lost their will to speculate when they see their chance.

"Buckingham Palace"

Sir Stafford Cripps is in hot water again. Addressing an obscure Labour meeting he spoke of three quarters from which he expected a Labour Government to meet with obstruction—the City, the House of Lords and "Buckingham Palace." He has since explained that he is

a firm adherent of constitutional monarchy, and meant by Buckingham Palace not King George V, but "the Court Society." The incident is instructive. It reminds us of the fact that in very respectable Victorian days such eminent politicians as Bright, Chamberlain and Dilke all got into trouble—and survived it—by talking about Buckingham Palace. It suggests, too, that politicians who have once become the stuff of which headlines are made should be very careful of their choice of words. For the trouble about Sir Stafford is that, whatever he meant on this occasion, he seems as a rule to mean just what he says, and a man who talks of Socialism in terms of detailed plans for making it effective must not expect any loose phrase to go by unnoticed in the press.

The French Quotas

There is good news, as we go to press, of a climb down by France on the quota question. British exporters, after being relieved of the surtax on their goods imported into France, found themselves out of the frying-pan and into the fire, under a greatly extended and intensified quota system. The French, in fact, adopted the method of negotiable quotas, by which 75 per cent. of the quota allowances would be subject to bargaining with foreign Governments. We ourselves have made use of this method in bargaining with the Scandinavians for a market for our coal, and the United States has used it in the case of imported wines and spirits. In the present dispute with France, our argument has been that the system of negotiable quotas violates the "most favoured nation clause"; the French deny this, and retort upon us with a *tu quoque*. In fact, it is difficult to see how, in a world of high tariffs and regulated foreign trade, such discriminative agreements can be avoided. But it was obviously impossible for us to sit down quietly under the French plan, which, it was estimated by the Federation of British Industries, would damage our trade to the extent of £8,000,000 a year; and we are glad to hear the news from Paris that it is to be modified "almost at once."

The Steel Industry

The steel industry is expected to issue, during the next few weeks, a voluntary plan of reorganisation designed to bring about a partial reconstruction of the industry and perhaps even more to avert Government intervention. The steel-makers, when they were given a duty on imported steel, undertook in turn to reorganise their industry, and a draft plan of reorganisation, drawn up by a committee appointed by the manufacturers, with Government approval, was published a few months ago. This plan, in face of a good deal of opposition within the industry, has now been modified; but it seems to have been put into a form which most of the steel firms are prepared to accept. Consequently, it is likely to fall very far short of the projects of large-scale rationalisation and re-equipment that were being discussed a few years ago. It is in fact mainly a plan for the regulation of output under a quota system, and for price regulation and joint marketing arrangements for particular products; and one of its chief objects is to set up an organisation which can bargain collectively with the continental associations in the steel trade. It includes no provisions for compulsory amalgamation of firms, nor even any compulsion on firms to join at all; for it is believed that those who stay out will find themselves so hampered in marketing their goods that they will be forced to come in. A scheme on these lines may possibly improve British competitive power abroad; but it is unlikely either to do much to lower costs at home, or to safeguard the home consumers' interests. It is in fact simply an employers' control, designed with State sanction to relieve the State from its responsibility for taking the industry in hand.

Plain-clothes Bandits

Last week a motor-van conveying the takings from the Wimbledon dog-racing track to the bank was held up in a fog by car-bandits representing themselves to be traffic police in plain clothes. The episode recalls the notorious case of Flying Officer Fitzpatrick, who was arrested late at night by plain-clothes police for "carrying a suitcase in a suspicious manner." He doubted the bona fides of the officers, taking them to be bandits, and put up a struggle on the way to the police station. In the Wimbledon case the process was reversed: the "police" really were bandits (though it is not recorded that they had the nerve to accuse the men in charge of the van they were holding up of driving it in a suspicious manner). Flying Officer Fitzpatrick was not in the least to blame for making the mistake he did; and now that criminals are profiting by the publicity given to that affair to pass themselves off as police officers it will not be surprising if in future there are other Flying Officer Fitzpatricks. The innocent citizen confronted by men in plain clothes will be faced with the dilemma of deciding whether the situation in which he finds himself is a Fitzpatrick case or a Wimbledon case. The doubt thus raised again emphasises the undesirability of employing plain-clothes police except where it is absolutely unavoidable.

An Alien

An odd and disturbing example of the way in which the Aliens Branch of the Home Office may use its powers has just been reported to us in considerable detail. Tom Cacic, a deported Communist from Canada, is a Jugoslav by nationality. In Jugoslavia the Communist Party is illegal, and torture and imprisonment and probably death await Cacic if he arrives there. He has not been in Jugoslavia since he was a boy and does not speak the language. He was deported on the *Montcalm* and arrived at Liverpool early this week. The British authorities did not refuse to allow him to land, which would have been clearly within their rights, but refused to allow his friends who met him at Liverpool to take him to London to obtain a Soviet *visa* which awaited him, and took him direct to Harwich. The Belgian boat was held up by fog and an effort was made to land him at the Hook. The Dutch refused to allow him to land and he was brought back to Harwich, where he was detained, apparently with a view to arranging for his transit to Jugoslavia. It would be interesting to know why the British authorities are so anxious to deprive this man of his chance of life in another country. One defence put up on their behalf is that as an alien without papers Cacic has no legal existence in this country, so that they can do what they like with this non-existent human being. It is admitted, however, that if he were to die in their custody his legal position would improve: he would then become a legal corpse, and would be entitled to an inquest.

PATRIOTS AND POSES

Love of their country was the first thing, after their God and their King, that they should teach every boy. Nowadays, there seemed to be a feeling called internationalism. He had never understood it; he never knew what its advocates really meant. They generally seemed to be a collection of people who preferred somebody else's country to their own. It was really a pose.—Field-Marshal Lord Milne at the annual meeting of the Public Secondary Schools Cadet Association.

. . . I am no sort of Nationalist at all . . . if you really feel the rest of the world outside your country is a lot of nasty foreigners who don't matter, then you will not like anything that I am going to say. I do not think you will even begin to understand what I am going to say.—H. G. Wells on the wireless.

CLEARLY the Field-Marshal was one of those who could not even begin to understand what Mr. Wells had to say. In simple sincerity he has never understood the "feeling called internationalism." He may perhaps share with us and with Mr. H. G. Wells our passionate pride in the contributions which England has made to civilisation, in English science and English poetry, in the English countryside and in some of the great English traditions, but he is even more moved to admiration by England as a symbol of national power, by England as an entity represented by a Foreign Office and made dangerous, as other States are made dangerous, to its neighbours by the possession of a fleet, an army and an air force. It may, of course, be that he has not thought very deeply about his philosophy, and that, if he had, he would find it necessary to put love of king and country before rather than after love of God. For if God proves after all not to be an exclusively national deity, the full-blooded patriot may have to put his country before his religion, as most of our pulpits did for the duration of the war. Hitler, whose German patriotism is similar to the Field-Marshal's British patriotism, has recently experienced the difficulty of bullying a Christian Church into accepting a purely racial God. But to Lord Milne such questions must appear all part of the "pose," and our object at the moment is to explain to him on less philosophic grounds why internationalism, as we understand it, is not a matter of sentiment, not what he calls a policy of "kiss and cuddle," but a necessity, dictated by the facts of the modern world.

For the world has changed since the nineteenth century in ways which Mr. Wells has understood more clearly than Lord Milne. Let us begin with an example within the Field-Marshal's own province. Take the question of "national defence." It is an admitted fact that there is no defence against aerial invasion and, if the British Empire is to rely for its safety on its own armed strength, the number of cruisers and aeroplanes required even to make a pretence of "guarding our trade routes" (which, if it means anything, must mean almost all the routes in the world by air and land and sea) would be far greater than any figure yet dreamt of by the First Lord of the Admiralty or demanded by Lord Rothermere. Or look at the air problem for a moment, not from the point of view of war but from the point of view of transport. By the Air Convention of 1919, the air above a country is its property. As a result all the national air companies are confronted with ludicrous obstructions in their efforts to link up different parts of the world. Colonel Burchall, director of Imperial Airways, has told us about some of these obstacles. He has explained how the development of a service to India has been continually obstructed by the sovereign rights of the Italians and the Persians. Only a few days ago Lord Londonderry complained that the air route to India still had to be broken by a long train journey across Italy, the Italians having refused us air passage over Italy because Imperial Airways on its side did not want to complicate its route by a detour to Italian territory in North Africa. All this interference with the enjoyment of mankind's greatest achievement is due to patriotism. Because governments regard air development as a part of national armament instead of as a world service, air services do not come within sight of being self-supporting. Air services have to be heavily subsidised. Colonel Burchall explained that "the first step towards making air services self-supporting seems to be to amend the Air Convention in such a way that States may only refuse permission to the aircraft of other States to fly over their territories on giving reasonable grounds for doing so." Which means, though Colonel Burchall may not have realised the implications, that there is no possibly satisfactory national way of developing the air. States, including the British Empire, must agree, if we are to use the air, to drop their sovereign rights. It is as absurd for nations to claim these rights in the air as it would be for York, Oxford and Hereford to claim the sovereign right over the railway traffic that runs through Yorkshire, Oxfordshire and Herefordshire.

Colonel Burchall might indeed go a good deal farther. His suggestion, far-reaching though we should find it to be if we got down to details, is not really adequate. The true solution, if the air is to be developed for general use and not for general destruction, is the abandonment of national air systems and the substitution of World Airways Unlimited. That suggestion, which sounds at first Utopian, has in fact been explored in some considerable detail, and has been supported by a number of different States. Experts who have seen that there was no future development for the air, or at least none that did not involve a great many people in early and unpleasant deaths, have sat down to the practical problem of internationalism. Their conclusions are discussed in a very valuable and careful survey of the subject, which is just published.* There are, of course, plenty of technical problems unsolved, but, as one reads, they seem less formidable than most world problems, since the air is new and the vested interests involved still comparatively trivial. There are none that could not be solved if men wished to solve them. The internationalism that does wish to solve them is not pose, but common sense born of experience of the facts. The patriotism which opposes that internationalism is not wicked; it is merely the result of an education, training and tradition which equip a man to deal with the problems of the modern world about as well as bows and arrows equip him to deal with tanks and howitzers.

We have chosen the example of patriotism in aviation because, while no other example is so clear, none is so seldom discussed. The inadequacy of economic nationalism to solve our problems is a truism universally admitted by economists and universally disregarded by politicians. In his broadcast Mr. Wells found an admirable analogy

* *World Airways—Why Not?* Report of a Committee set up by *Essential News* and the *Week-end Review* to examine the possibility of a World Transport Service and the abolition of aerial warfare. With a Foreword by W. Arnold-Forster (*Gollancz.* 1s.).

to make his point about an international monetary system.

> Money, as we all know too well, is a measure of obligation and value, but unlike all other measures it varies from country to country and from day to day. No other measure does this. So many metres in France or Germany mean so many yards in England or America, so many pounds in Britain mean so many kilogrammes in Spain; a mile means just the same distance always in any other measures of length you like to take—and if an English cotton merchant undertook to deliver so much cloth to a French costumier and sent him short length and declared that he did so because the yard had gone up and the metre down, we should call him a rascal plainly and conclusively. But directly we come to money, matters are different, and if a man in America owes me money in dollars I never know until pay-day comes how many pounds I shall get from him. There are reasons why this state of affairs in the monetary system should have come about, but there is no invincible reason why it should continue. There is every reason why it should end. It is a common nuisance.

At the World Economic Conference statesman after statesman said on behalf of his own country that no national solution was possible. But they parted, having achieved exactly nothing. Why? Again because though the scientific technique for providing mankind with plenty had at length arrived the political technique and the will to overcome vested interests were both absent. The statesmen were nationalists and the capitalist interests for which they acted were still rivals, dimly apprehensive about the results of their rivalry, but as unable as the soldiers to overcome their education, training and tradition. They were forced by their nature as capitalists looking for individual profits to favour schemes which would restrict the world's goods to the mass of men who needed them. The Conference broke up, and since then the unemployed have had to comfort themselves with the knowledge that bacon prices will go up because hundreds of thousands of sows are to be slaughtered to prevent their farrowing, that coffee is still being used for engine fuel, and cotton being ploughed into the ground and sugar being mixed with building cement. It would seem again common sense to argue that escape from the present monstrous game of beggar-my-neighbour lies in socialising industry and beginning, wherever we can, to organise schemes of international control and international exchange which release, instead of restricting, the supply of goods that ordinary men and women would like, if their rulers would permit them, to consume in peace and comfort.

In his *Shape of Things to Come*, Mr. Wells pictures this future world in which the technique of political control catches up with the technique of science. But he pictures it as coming after, not before, world-wide war, plague and revolution. It is a likely enough prophecy. His practical advice to English people to-day is to try to avert these calamities by attempting to co-operate in the building of *ad hoc* international organisations with the two nations—Russia and the United States—which have begun the task of reconstructing themselves on modern lines. It is too soon yet to tell whether capitalism in America is undergoing so profound a change as he hopes. But this at least is true. The immediate task must be to build up a political party which will be ready when the time comes—ready with coherent and detailed plans for reorganising and placing British industry under public control and ready too with plans for joint international action with any governments which will come into the same monetary unit, and which will co-operate in a policy of expansion and public welfare.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SAAR

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN THE SAAR.]

IF the Saar means anything to the average Englishman, it suggests an obscure piece of German territory which was filched from the helpless Germans by the terms of the Peace Treaty—by another piece of French iniquity. Of what has happened in the Saar since 1919, and of the intensely dramatic struggle now going on there, few of our countrymen seem aware.

The Saar basin was, in fact, placed for fifteen years under the administration of five commissioners appointed by the League of Nations. The last fourteen years, that is to say, have witnessed an interesting experiment in internationalism at Saarbrücken, within a few miles of the frontier which divides the oldest enemies in Europe. The peculiarities of the Saar Basin in some ways enhance, in others diminish, the value of this experiment. For this is the most thickly populated area in Europe; it has something over 800,000 inhabitants, or 1,150 to its every square mile. Of these, the large majority are industrial workers employed in the coal mines and in the iron and steel works, while glass and china factories account for a good many more. It must also be borne in mind that Saarbrücken, from the time of the 1815 settlement when the Saar was taken from France, became a Prussian garrison town; one feels nearer to Berlin there than to Bavaria or the Rhineland. For this reason, perhaps, and on account of the inferior quality of its coal, the Saar has not the Red tradition of the Ruhr; wages in the Saar in pre-war days were always lower, and the workers were indeed in so servile a position that their employers even exercised the feudal right of approving or forbidding their marriages.

While, therefore, on the one hand, the Saar is entirely dependent upon Lorraine for its food, on the other, the morale of the population is in some ways disappointingly unstable. In November, 1932, the last occasion when elections took place for the *Landesrat*, 23 per cent. of the population voted Communist and only 13 per cent. Socialist. In the circumstances, it is only to be expected that there should be a majority of extremists among the workers, but Saar Communism seems to be shifty and ill-led. This 36 per cent. has fought for years, as the defenders of German labour against the French State, which owns the Saar mines until the plebiscite (after which the Germans, if successful, may buy them back). The Socialists and Communists were the greatest enthusiasts, therefore, in favour of the return to Germany.

With the Nazi Revolution in Germany, the Labour Front in the Saar, as in Austria, was shaken to its foundations. A docile, unstable proletariat, untrained except to denounce the French, gave Nazi propaganda every advantage, nor to this day has it any real competition. According to the Peace Treaty, a plebiscite may be held in 1935; all adults who resided in the Saar territory in the summer of 1920 will be entitled to register, secretly and freely, their choice, as between returning to Germany, becoming French, or remaining the subjects of the present Government. As against the avalanche of Nazi appeals and threats, the governing League Commission is silenced by its obligation to maintain order and deal impartial justice, and by its dependence upon a local bureaucracy. As for the possibilities of French propaganda, they are destroyed at the outset, first, because there is no question of a noticeable poll for France, and, secondly, by the fact that the rational and logical mentality of the French is incapable of any effective rivalry with the wild emotionalism of the gospel of the Swastika. During last summer and autumn, the Nazis in the Saar succeeded, with their already traditional skill, in terrorising the inhabitants. Threats of a terrible vengeance against all "Separatists" in 1935 are the favourite method; all but brave men are busy qualifying for rewards from Hitler when the time shall come. No one dares to advertise in the Socialist press or be seen in a Jewish café. People visit Jewish doctors and dentists in secret late at night.

Herr Röchlin, the German iron magnate in the Saar, much of whose wealth is invested in French industry, but whose own concerns are heavily subsidised by the German Government, has recently been conducting a campaign, financed from Berlin, against alleged French pressure upon German parents to send their children to French schools. Apropos of this, a preliminary judicial decision in Röchlin's favour, and against the French defence, received enormous publicity in the German press, but actually, of the eleven supposed cases of French pressure in the last five years, none was proven. The fact is, that the children of anti-Nazi parents are so badly bullied in the German schools that their parents now send them to the French ones. For the unfortunate children of Jews a special Jewish school is shortly to be opened.

In November, 1932, 48 per cent. of the Sarrois voted Centre, for 70 per cent. of the population is officially Catholic. If the plebiscite is held in 1935 the future of the Saar will depend upon the relations of Berlin and the Vatican at the time. At the end of last summer the Catholics in the Saar were stampeded into joining the Nazis and Nationalists (together only about 16 per cent. of the population in November, 1932), in a German Front. Since then Rome has fallen out with the Nazis, and the Saar Catholics bitterly regret their bondage; it was interesting to see, at Christmas, that their press did not dare to publish the most important portions of the anti-Nazi Pastoral Letter from the Austrian bishops. It is becoming increasingly clear that Bornewasser, the Catholic Bishop of Trier, within whose diocese most of the Saar comes (a small portion, which belonged to Bavaria before the war, comes under the Bishop of Speyer), regrets his earlier adherence to the Nazi State, and it seems certain that in a secret plebiscite now, an appreciable number of Catholics would vote for the *status quo*.

With the ban on political uniforms and demonstrations issued by the Governing Commission early in December, the power of the Nazis seems to have waned a little. They sent an explosive to the office of the Socialist paper, the *Volkstimme*, which might have destroyed the whole building; they even rang up to ask whether Max Braun was still alive. This is the Socialist leader in Saarbrücken, whose life is in constant danger, and who was denounced as an embezzler on the German wireless the other day. It seems as if the Nazis are really afraid of Max Braun, not he of them. There is little doubt that some of the Socialist and Communist voters have gone Nazi, but Braun is reorganising the Socialist movement to work for the continuation of the *status quo*, either by postponing the plebiscite, or by voting for the League. "We are Germans," he says, "but for that reason alone let us fight for the retention of these few square miles of German soil, where Germans can still live with some independence of mind." Threats are better than concentration camps, and the threats would subside if the Nazis lost hope. Though many Communist workers come to Max Braun's meetings, the Socialists and the Communists in the Saar—as in Weimar Germany—are on bad terms. The Communists will not openly support the League; they sometimes talk of a Saar Soviet, but they will very likely vote for the League in the end. Presumably Moscow will not send pro-German instructions.

It can be imagined with what anxiety the Sarrois have heard themselves demanded by Hitler from France. It appears, however, as if the Quai d'Orsay, here as elsewhere, is sticking to the Treaty, and the question of the Saar plebiscite is to be brought up at Geneva on Monday. Safeguards for the safety of minorities and the secrecy of the poll must be discussed; the voters must have faith in this secrecy, and there must be no triangular muddle because there are three things to vote for. It has still to be decided exactly who is entitled to vote, e.g., whether the French soldiers in occupation in 1920 are eligible by the terms of the Treaty.

It should be pointed out that the League administration has been a blessing, if a disguised one. As a League experiment, it should be counted a success. That a commission with full powers, consisting of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a Finn, a Jugoslav and only one local representative, should, in this age of fanatical nationalism, be by no means strikingly unpopular, seems an achievement in itself; Mr. Knox (Great Britain) and M. Morize (France) are praised by all serious critics. Those who dislike militarism, or Fascism, or democracy, should certainly study the Governing Commission at work, for it is only advised, not controlled, by the *Landesrat*, a body of thirty Sarrois elected by universal suffrage. Finally, it should be observed that the Saar Basin will suffer serious economic deprivation, if and when it is reincorporated with Germany. The League administration is expensive because the administrative area is small, but the Saar Government is unique in having no debts, and throughout the slump unemployment has been about one-third of that in the industrial areas of Germany. It should be noted that Saar heavy industry has recently been exporting a strikingly greater amount of the materials required for the making of munitions. The Saar territory, moreover, largely escapes the world's tariff madness, for it enjoys free trade with France and tremendous concessions from Germany. Back in Germany, the Saar coal would lose the patronage of France, and, being of very inferior quality, could ill-compete with Germany's other mines. Only too late, as the French quite reasonably point out, may the Sarrois fully realise the advantages of the present regime.

THE EXISTENCE STANDARD

THE best thing that can be said about the Ministry of Health circular on the British Medical Association's minimum diet report is that it was stupid rather than wicked. But its stupidity was of the magnitude that gives point to the saying that a blunder is worse than a crime. Long after the Loch Ness monster has ceased to be a top-line feature of the *Times*, and the day-to-day failure of Ministers to utilise their opportunities has become too commonplace to be recorded, this circular will be remembered and used against the Government by its political opponents. Its indiscretion value is unlimited. Moreover, it goes out of its way to be rude to a Committee which has done very satisfactorily a job that badly needed doing.

No doubt the Ministry of Health is rattled by the fact which the B.M.A. Committee's report clearly reveals, namely, that the public assistance scale of relief often falls below the minimum necessary for the maintenance of health and efficiency. The Ministry's own estimate of what is a minimum adequate diet for adults is 3,000 calories and 37 grammes of animal protein a day (these are the figures which the *Week-end Review* "Hungry England" Committee took as the basis for their report last April). The B.M.A. estimate is the slightly higher one of 3,400 calories and 50 grammes of protein, the difference being due to the fact that the B.M.A. Committee has allowed for inevitable wastage between the time the food is bought in the shop and the time it reaches the stomach of the purchaser. In other words it provides for a margin so that the Ministry's own minimum can be reached in actual practice. This is the figure—representing an actual cash difference of about ninepence a week—which the Ministry says in its circular there is "no evidence or argument to justify." This singular statement may be due to the fact that the B.M.A. committee, as the medical secretary of the Association has explained, was aiming at a standard sufficient for the maintenance of health and working capacity, "not for a mere existence level." But here there would appear to be some discrepancy of view between Government departments, seeing that the War Office protein minimum for a peace-time soldier is 62.7 grammes against the Minister of Health's 37 grammes. The circular might almost have been planned between the Ministry of Health and the War Office to aid recruiting among the unemployed.

It seems quite clear from the way in which the document

was rushed out, with the glib, not to say dishonest, announcement that it was unanimous—though in point of fact two members of the committee were absent, one of whom has since expressed his disagreement with it—that the whole performance was a political stratagem devised to minimise the effect of the B.M.A. report. In this it has, of course, singularly misfired, and in doing so has called attention once again to the extraordinary lack of imaginative grasp which characterises the Ministry of Health in its approach to large national issues. The Ministry's small-minded and unscientific response to the national demand for a large-scale housing drive is now matched by its failure to seize the significance of this maintenance problem. The complaint in the circular that there is "no evidence or argument" to support the B.M.A. figure, and the subsequent correspondence in the *Times*, reveal the fact that the officials are still concentrating their energies on a forlorn attempt to show that the data which science has placed at our disposal cannot be translated into tangible terms. It agrees, in a word, that a man must not be allowed to starve, but attempts to deny that it is possible to define starvation.

In point of fact, for purposes of decent administration the whole problem of a minimum turns upon the translation of scientific measurement into practical human terms. For instance, it was shown in the "Hungry England" report that by devising a menu which would consist exclusively of cheese, oatmeal, margarine and a few oranges the Ministry's minimum of calories and protein could be provided for 3*s.* 2½*d.* a week; but that in practice for digestive, culinary and psychological reasons, the diet was impossible. Or, to put the point as Dr. M'Gonigle put it in an address this week: "the idea that if you give a child enough vitamin A and B you can keep it on sawdust is wrong. The ideal diet must be a diet made up of the greatest variety."

In most of its problems of providing for the adequate feeding and shelter of the community the Ministry of Health still lacks the measurements necessary for a solution. The whole thing was summed up—as so often!—in the cartoon by Low one day this week, in which slum-dwellers were depicted being told that the Minister was sorry, but the question of what constitutes a slum had not been settled. The point is only too true; though the data exist, and unofficial estimates have been made, the Ministry has no official knowledge of how many houses are needed or at what rents they can and ought to be provided. Diet is only one item in a list of measurements all of which must be determined before it is possible to arrive at a minimum standard of living. Rent is the most important and most complicated; accommodation is another, clothing another, heating, lighting and cleaning materials still others. If the Ministry of Health would only establish minimums for all of these except rent it would make the task of Public Assistance Committees in attempting to combine efficiency with humanity a good deal easier than it is now. Committees would then have merely to add the rent in each case to these minimums in order to arrive at an inclusive minimum figure for maintenance.

In the survey recently carried out by the economic research section of Manchester University (reported in the *Manchester Guardian* this week) it was established that of the sample taken of families wholly on public maintenance only one out of eleven was above the minimum; the rest were all below. Time and again it is found that rent is the charge that forces a family to fall below the diet minimum. The often quoted instance of Stockton-on-Tees, where the nutrition of children rehoused in new estates with higher rents was found to have deteriorated since they left a slum where rents were lower, has been reinforced this week by the report of similar circumstances in Newcastle. What is the Ministry's idea of minimum standards of accommodation, structural condition, light and air, services and amenities? And what is an economic rent for buildings fulfilling these requirements?

When we know these things, and not before, we shall begin to know what is a minimum subsistence income for people living in this island. The question, of course, raises big issues, involving an examination of building costs and methods, of site values, land tenure, town planning and much besides; but given the opportunity the scientific approach can give us an answer to all of them. At present we are being asked to solve an equation without being in possession of all the data; we are being asked to strike a balance between income and expenditure without knowing the fair expenditure. It may be that minimum income will have to be raised, it may be that rents will have to be forced down (there is at least a suspicion that relief is being utilised to subsidise landlords and keep rents up). But none of these things can we know until the Ministry of Health breaks down its departmentalism and its local government board approach and tackles the problem whole instead of piecemeal. It is fortunate above most Government departments in having scope over the whole field within its own hands, and it ought to make full use of its good fortune. It will never solve the housing problem, as it will never solve the subsistence problem, while it nurtures the spirit that manifests itself so parochially in the circular decrying the B.M.A. report. GERALD BARRY

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE been surprised and delighted by the figures of the response to Mr. Vernon Bartlett's wireless plebiscite. On Thursday night of last week, he put the case for British isolation in international affairs and the case for full co-operation in a collective system—as a listener, I thought with unimpeachable fairness—and he asked people to send him postcards saying "Yes" if they were in favour of co-operation and "No" if they were against. Up to Wednesday afternoon of this week, 19,500 postcards had been received at the B.B.C. Considered simply as a fan-mail, or as a tribute to Mr. Bartlett's pulling-power as a broadcaster, this is pretty terrific, but the proportions of "Yeses" to "Noes" is the really significant thing. Of the 6,000 postcards examined up to Wednesday, 89 per cent. were in favour of co-operation. Of course, in a way, this was a picked audience, but even so the result so far is overwhelming; if the present percentage is anything like maintained it will be a knockout blow for the wordy pretensions of the Beaverbrooks. I have for long believed that the British people were ready to accept definite obligations in support of the international peace system. What I am now wondering is, whether the figures of this plebiscite, if they ever reach the eyes of the Cabinet, will at last convince that august body that it would have nothing to fear from public resentment if it dared to have a foreign policy.

* * *

The question which has arisen between Lord Hugh Cecil and the Bishop of Liverpool is a simple one. Lord Hugh says that it is "a scandal in the face of Christendom" that a Unitarian should have been allowed to preach from the pulpit of Liverpool Cathedral. The reason he gives is that a Unitarian does not believe that Christ is God and that to allow him to preach will encourage men to think that the heresy is unimportant. The Bishop disagrees. Who is right? Lord Hugh, I think, undoubtedly according to all the doctrines of all the Churches. And yet probably 80 per cent. of the people of England who call themselves Christians and Protestants would agree with the Bishop. This is only one more proof that the Christianity which survives in England has become almost entirely detached from Church doctrine and dogma. Even in our Bishops it is little more than an attitude of mind. But the Cecils—what passionate Conservatives they remain!

* * *

Why has our press so far been completely silent about one of the most sensational and socially significant battles now being fought in America between the N.R.A. and the vested interests of "rugged individualism"? The radicals

of the Department of Agriculture some months ago announced a new Food and Drugs Bill, behind whose innocent front there lurked a series of the most drastic and determined proposals that ever struck terror into lax manufacturers and slippery advertisers. The Bill covers the whole field of foods, cosmetics, and patent medicines. A list of thirty-six diseases is given, and any medical advertisement which "directly, or by ambiguity or inference" claims to have *any* effect in their treatment is to be deemed false. Any kind of false or misleading impression (the clause is very widely drawn) produced by a food, cosmetic or medical advertisement is subject to heavy penalties. Labels must provide an exact indication of the contents that they cover, and (except for admitted specifics) must carry the legend that they are "not a cure" for diseases in connection with which they make any claim. The Bill also lays down much stricter standards of quality for all foodstuffs and there is a heavier scale of penalties than even the model Food and Drug Act of 1906 provided.

* * *

A blunt statement of the case for the Bill is provided by a series of exhibits in the Food and Drug Administration's building. It is referred to as the Chamber of Horrors, and pillories a large number of nationally advertised products, all of them named. Several exhibits, including more than one product widely advertised in Great Britain, expose wildly exaggerated claims or definitely dangerous ingredients. There are some illuminating comparisons between labels used in States with strict food laws and others used for the same product in laxer territories. And there are some terrible illustrations of injuries caused by the use of poisonous cosmetics. The gem of the collection deals with a product sold "for the diabetic," made from a common weed, priced at twelve dollars a bottle, and practically worthless. Alongside it are ranged photographs of over a score of testimonials used in its advertising—and opposite each one the death certificate of the sender, dated, on the average, a year after the testimonial. The simplest comment on the existing law is provided by the fact that the Federal authorities recently failed in a court action against the company making this last product, which is still on sale. No wonder the *New Republic* calls the American patent medicine industry "the meanest racket flourishing under rugged individualism."

* * *

What another comment describes as "one of the most powerful lobbies in history" has been mobilised to destroy or emasculate the Bill. The public hearing was held in Washington early last month before Senator Copeland, an eminent public health expert who now stands sponsor for the Bill. Besides the arguments about inflated bureaucracy and destruction of private enterprise, which are common form in such debates, the lobbyists unblushingly presented a case against too strict control of advertising lest, if it were confined to unvarnished fact, it might lose its effect! They also claimed that the Bill would destroy the value of private property in individual brands, by forcing the public to buy entirely by Government specification. The ground of this suggestion seems to be that the Bill is partly the outcome of the activities in recent years of an excellent body called "Consumers' Research Inc." headed by certain stalwarts who have pursued a resolute policy of "debunking" certain advertised brands (again including some not unknown in this country) and encouraging the public to find out what it is buying. The heads of this movement presented themselves at the end of the hearing, pointing out that Senator Copeland was then broadcasting under the sponsorship of a product whose position would certainly be affected by the Bill! They demanded an impartial chairman. When shall we tackle the patent medicine scandal in this country? It has been very frankly dealt with in this paper. That one so seldom sees any reference to it—and there is no meaner way of robbing the poor—is perhaps due to the fact that patent medicines are still one of the largest groups of advertisers in the country.

One of the very oddest of mental refuges in time of trouble is surely the chain letter. I have an example in front of me. It is headed with a quotation from the book of Philemon: "We trust God who supplies our needs." Then follows a list of the "Prosperity Chain" which "must not be broken." The recipient is warned to send the letter on to five other addresses. "It will be prosperity within a month of posting. Miss S. received £8 nine days after posting, Miss W. broke the chain and lost all her possessions, Miss A. received £600 after nine days posting. The power of these words cannot be denied." Obviously the superstition is beyond comment. But I wish I could understand the mentality at work. Does the writer of this letter picture a God who watches the individuals on this earth and says, "Ah! Miss S., she shall have £8 for remembering that I supply needs, while Miss W., who fails to communicate this fact to her friends, shall learn by losing all her possessions that she was quite right to be sceptical about my benevolence"?

* * *

In a recent civil service examination, one competitor, whom we may call Mr. Smith, filled up his preliminary form as follows: Name: Smith. Age: — years. Sex: Occasionally.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

But the strength of the present Coalition is that it derives from more than one source.—*Observer.*

. . . There is some danger of creating an educated proletariat, always a dangerous class.—Dean Inge on Education in the Modern State, in *Daily Express Encyclopaedia.*

A thirty-three-year-old married man, found guilty of an assault on a schoolgirl, has been sentenced to twenty months' imprisonment and to castration. . . . The man . . . has, it is stated, willingly consented to the operation (which tends to have a definite curative effect).—*Everyman.*

Oddenino was a Roman Catholic, but at his funeral a vicar of the Church of England took the service.

Oddenino became a Freemason years ago. Ever since then he had ceased to practise his religion. That was why the Church of England service was read in the Golders Green crematorium.—*Daily Express.*

1934 is a fine strapping infant, promising well. That is a matter of common knowledge, vouched for by people not easily misled and never misleading. It is sufficient to cite as such an authority what the King said to all his peoples on Christmas Day.—*Observer.*

The poverty of the City [Vienna] can be imagined when one realises that out of a population of 1,800,000 only 350 families pay tax for a third servant.—*Times.*

Without reproach as sportsmen, the Goldens are great gentlemen. They have Slav blood in them, but it came long years before the era of Bolshevism, which has proved so deadly for all Russian dogs.—"Kennelman" in *Morning Post.*

It is pleasing to note the return to popularity of the Eton suit this Christmas. A boy in Etons, with a white shirt with stiff cuffs, black tie and broad Eton collar, is a credit to any parent or school, and looks typical of all that is best in British boyhood.—Correspondent in *News-Chronicle.*

The native only understood that when he had done wrong he should be punished. Owing to the fact that the native still preserved animal instincts he was by nature a champion liar. . . . Mr. Huggins said that he was very fond of the native.—Reuter's report of a speech by Mr. G. M. Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, in *Cape Times.*

HERETICS

IT is interesting to observe how little excitement has been caused by the controversy between the Bishop of Liverpool and Lord Hugh Cecil as to the propriety of inviting Unitarians to preach in Liverpool Cathedral. One is almost tempted to believe that the great days of heresy-hunting are over.

Time was when citizens took their theology more seriously. Fiery-hearted men could find quarrel in a straw when religion was at the stake (and it is only a few centuries since religion was constantly and literally at the stake). I myself grew up in a world in which it was commonly believed that Unitarians could have no hope of Heaven. Not that we disliked Unitarians personally. Many of them were among the most popular of our friends. We did not even blame them for their extraordinary creed as we sometimes blamed Catholics for theirs. We suspected no malice in their unbelief. Our attitude to them, when we thought of them in terms of eschatology, was mainly one of pity.

In the street in which I lived there was a particularly charming old Victorian gentleman, with a long beard and spectacles, whose obvious cheerfulness and probable doom I found it difficult to reconcile with each other. I was so sincerely puzzled by this that I asked my aunt whether it was quite certain that Mr. B. had no chance of salvation. She said she was very sorry but, if the Bible was true, she did not see how Mr. B. could have the slightest chance. I then asked her whether it was worse to be a Unitarian or a Roman Catholic. She looked unhappy at having to make so difficult a choice, especially as she distrusted Catholics and liked Unitarians. But in the cause of truth she nobly sided with her enemies and said: "The Roman Catholics believe in our Lord, and on the Day of Judgment I think I'd rather be a Roman Catholic than a Unitarian."

Sorrowfully and sympathetically as we regarded Unitarians so long as they remained in their own church, however—non-subscribing Presbyterians, as they curiously called themselves—we should have had a heresy-hunt if any one had tried to introduce the thin end of the Unitarian wedge into our creed. I remember how a friend of mine, a theological student, when taking a service in a country church one Sunday, omitted the phrase "for Christ's sake" at the end of one of the prayers, and, at the close of the service, an elder rose and denounced him as a heretic from his pew. Even at that time, however, the heresy-hunting instinct was at its last gasp. There were occasional murmurs against a Hebrew professor for introducing the Higher Criticism into the theological classroom, but in the end the professor was left in peace. I do not suppose it would have been possible to express doubts from the pulpit as to the literal truth of the story of Jonah and the whale without creating a scandal, but it was already more pardonable to believe in the theory of evolution than in Home Rule. There were heretics even among the theological students. On the day on which the death of Huxley was announced, I met one of them who said to me: "I've been trying all day to imagine Huxley in Hell and," he added with a sceptical grin, "I can't." Hell itself, indeed, was like a fire that was going out. Everybody professed to believe in it, and nearly everybody said as little about it as possible.

The most bitter heresy-hunt of those days was directed not against those who believed too little, but against those who believed too much. It was the Ritualists with their innovations of belief who roused even the corner-boys to fury. There were few Ritualists who could find a church to give them hospitality in the town, but there was a rumour that one unfortunate clergyman had introduced the confessional into his church, and every corner-boy rushed to his morning service at the prospect of enjoying a riot on behalf of the faith handed down from the Reformation. Many strong men smoked pipes of twist during the service to show their contempt for a Romish ritual. The clergyman would announce one hymn, which the choir sang. The sturdy Protestants in the pews would howl another hymn to a different tune and drown it. The sermon was interrupted with cat-calls, jeering questions and stampings of feet, and, at the end of the service, the clergyman had to be escorted to his tram by policemen doing their best to protect him from a rain of stones. Every man present, no doubt, went home feeling that he had done a good day's work for Christianity and realising that, after all, as an entertainment, the old-fashioned Protestant Sabbath was not necessarily so far behind the Continental Sunday as was generally thought.

This heresy-hunt against the Ritualists invaded even the remote country parts of the province. I recently met a retired clergyman who told me of a friend of his who at that time took over a country church and conducted the services in a way that to some of his parishioners savoured of Ritualism. Suspicion deepened, and became almost certainty when one Sunday the clergyman appeared with his moustache shaved off. About the same time, his engagement to a young woman in the village was announced. At the next meeting of the vestry (over which the clergyman himself presided) a bearded farmer rose with an expression of grim determination and said fiercely and slowly: "What we want to know is why Mr. E— has shaved off his moustache. If," he shouted angrily, "it's for Ritualism, we won't have it. But," he added, with a sudden chuckle of tolerance of human frailty, "if it's for kissin' it's all right."

I have known a sound Protestant clergyman to have had "To Hell with the Pope!" shouted after him in the street for no worse crime than that he was clean-shaven. This happened to one of the most famous and fiery of Orange leaders.

Heresy-hunting of this kind is fast disappearing, and many people once believed that when church-goers ceased hunting heretics nobody would hunt heretics any more. Unfortunately, the heresy-hunting instinct has its roots not in religion but in human nature. We believe in something intensely; we form an organisation to propagate our belief; and then we begin to suspect everybody in the organisation who does not dot his "i's" and cross his "t's" as we do. Communism has already expelled its greatest living figure as a heretic. Men who write on Karl Marx have their books as microscopically examined for heresy as any theologian who ever wrote on the Pentateuch. The banning of Mr. Postgate's book by a Communist bookshop is essentially the same sort of thing as happens among Plymouth Brethren and all bodies of men who believe that they are the sole repositories of truth. There is, I am sure, more tolerance for heretics in most of the churches to-day than in Hitlerite Germany or in Fascist Italy. The theory of plenary inspiration is not dead: it has merely been transferred from religion to politics.

Nor is it only in politics that we find the heresy-hunting instinct still active. We find it even in such humane associations as aim at preventing cruelty to animals. Many people who loathe cruelty to animals differ on such subjects as hunting, vivisection and meat-eating. There is plenty of common ground on which they all can meet, but the extremist regards as a heretic anyone who will not swallow the whole gospel of humanitarianism to the last mouthful. Even that great humanitarian, John Galsworthy, was, I believe, asked to resign from the vice-presidency of an organisation for the protection of animals from cruelty because he confessed that he had an open mind on the subjects of fox-hunting and vivisection. We demand absolute conformity from those who work with us, and a man who believes in nine-tenths of our creed is regarded as a traitor to the creed because he is not quite sure of the other tenth.

These all-or-nothing tests exist in all sorts of places. About thirty years ago a number of men were expelled from an athletic association for playing Rugby football, and, in its turn, the Rugby Union is a citadel of orthodoxy as strict as the church of the Particular Baptists. Scottish Rugby is more rigid in its orthodoxy than Scottish Presbyterianism.

Some tests we must have, I suppose, and if I were a Churchman it is possible that I should take sides with Lord Hugh

Cecil rather than with the Bishop of Liverpool in the present controversy. At the same time, in these days of heresy-hunting, it is pleasant to find some one who is willing to work with heretics in matters in which they can co-operate without any abjuration of principle on either side. It is possible that the Lucretius of the future will be found denouncing not religion, but politics, as the persuader of mortal men to cruel deeds.

Y. Y.

TO THE MONSTER OF LOCH NESS

That he would continue to be a sign of the " Times."

ACCEPT my thanks I pray you
(Though tardy, I confess),
And long and often may you
Yield copy to the press,
O Monster of Loch Ness!

You may be an arrival
From some exotic clime;
You may be a survival
Of prehistoric slime,
Born out of your due time.

But whether your intrusion
Takes science unaware,
Or optical delusion
Has fashioned you from air,
I neither know nor care.

For while your presence graces
The journalistic stage,
While news about you faces
The " Thunderer's " leading page,
(In short, while you're the rage—

A more than nine days' wonder,
O Monster of Loch Ness!)
The tales of crime and blunder,
Of statecraft in a mess,
Will fill one column less!

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

PRONUNCIATION

SIR,—With most of Y. Y.'s article on Pronunciation I am in hearty agreement. But I find it a trifle hard to bear when he says " All that we ask of them (i.e., The B.B.C. Pronunciation Committee) is to find out how ' Conduit Street ' is pronounced in the year 1934."

Now that is just what the Committee *has* tried to do, and it gets a rap on the knuckles for its pains. I have risked being arrested for loitering in Conduit Street, W.1 because I wanted to find out what the street is called by the people using it, shop-keepers, their chauffeurs, taxi-drivers on the rank in the street, policemen on point duty in Regent Street, and others. I have made myself a nuisance to my friends—all in the cause. I know that " cundit " and " condit," the pronunciations given in the Oxford Dictionary (Vol. 2, 1891) and repeated in the Concise Oxford (1933) are historically justified, and that they still exist. I also know that " circuit " is still " cirkit," and that " circuitous " is not " cirkitous."

But my researches in 1933 have revealed that, as far as my information goes, " cundit " is rare, " condit " is less rare, while " conduit " or " condewit " (accent still on first syllable) are the forms in general use. I am quite prepared to pursue these researches farther, but there are other things to be done in life. Moreover, the West End street is not the only street in the world that bears the name, and the word " conduit " has other functions. Again, as far as my inquiries go, in this country and in the United States, it is not pronounced " cundit " or " condit " by electrical engineers and others who use it in the course of their work.

And so it comes about that it is precisely *because* the Committee tries to find out how words are pronounced in 1934 that it gets trounced. Nothing would be easier than to follow the rulings of the Oxford Dictionary, but there is no evidence that the pronunciations recorded therein are all in common use in 1934. They cannot very well be, seeing that the first volume appeared exactly half a century ago.

May I quote another instance? The Committee was asked some time ago by a foreign Academy of Science to give a ruling on the pronunciation of the word " joule," the name of a unit of energy derived from the name of James Prescott Joule. According to its spelling the name may be pronounced in three ways, to rhyme with " cool," with " coal " and with " cowl." An inquiry was set up and readers of the *Radio Times* were asked to help; here is the result. Seventy-six letters were received, twenty-seven from relatives and friends of the scientist, and forty-nine from people bearing the name, or people knowing bearers of it. Twenty-two voted for the " cool " version, thirty-two for the " coal " version and twenty-two for the " cowl " version. Twelve near relatives and friends of the scientist said that he himself rhymed it with " cool "; so the Committee, believing that a man is entitled to his own opinion in such a matter, recommended this version. The Concise Oxford gives the " cowl " variant.

I should like to assure Y. Y. that it is the Committee's constant endeavour to find out how words *are* pronounced in 1934, and that we refuse to accept without inquiry pronunciations recorded even in the most reputable dictionaries, when we have reason to suppose that they differ from 1934 usage. We try to ascertain modern usage not only in this country, but in the United States, and we hope before long to carry our investigations to the English-speaking dominions, for Empire broadcasting has raised problems not contemplated in dictionaries. This is the only reliable and scientific method of finding out what pronunciations are in use in 1934; its only disadvantage is that it brings down upon our heads the indignation of those who happen to disagree with any of our findings.

If the Committee sometimes decides that one pronunciation is preferable to another for purpose of broadcasting, no great harm is done. Broadcasters who accent the word " laboratory " on the first syllable should remember that they are liable to be misunderstood. Some time ago, during a broadcast address to a learned body given by a distinguished person who shall be nameless, my loudspeaker expressed the rather original sentiment that we ought to be very grateful to the scientists of this age for the time they spent in their *lavatories*.

A. LLOYD JAMES,
Secretary,
B.B.C. Advisory Committee
on Spoken English

6 Meadway, N.W.11.

THE SOFIA CATHEDRAL OUTRAGE

SIR,—The statements in your leading article " For Torgler's Freedom " that the Cathedral outrage in Sofia " looked like a typical piece of Macedonian terrorism " and that the Communist record in Germany and " elsewhere " is as " clear of individual acts of terrorism " as its doctrine, sound strangely to one who was in Bulgaria until a few days before the outrage and returned just after the trial to that country.

The story of the affair is simple. The hard-handed Government which had overthrown the dictatorship of Stambuliski, who was killed in " an attempt at rescue," and had forced the young King to accept the *coup d'état*, found themselves involved in a blood feud with the extreme Agrarians whom the abler and well-subventioned Communists supported. The Macedonians of the notorious " Internal Organisation " who then ascribed the murder of their chief Todor Alexandroff to Communists who had entered the Organisation, and had an additional blood feud with the Agrarians, aided the Government and the police with their usual vigour. When I was in Sofia in the early spring of 1925, murders by both sides were of daily occurrence and the most moderate politicians, not to mention the Government, feared an explosion. The attempt on the life of the King having failed, the Communists shot a distinguished General, who was, to put it crudely, to serve as " dead bait." Documents captured by the Government from Communist couriers from Vienna *via* Jugo-slavia (where the military and the police showed a singular indulgence to anti-Bulgarian Communists) showed that militant

Communists were under orders to meet at a number of rendezvous on the night of April 15th-16th, where they would receive arms. They would then await further orders. In the towns propagandists were at work preaching a general strike. On the morning of April 16th, when the Prime Minister, Professor Tzankoff, with several of his colleagues had entered the Cathedral of St. Nedelia, which was full of friends of the murdered General, including many Macedonians and military officers who came to attend their comrade's funeral, the dome and a large part of the roof were blown in. About a hundred and seventy persons were killed, including thirty women and children, six Generals and several Macedonians. But the Ministers escaped. A citizen defence force was immediately formed, and volunteers and Macedonians then fell upon all known Communists and killed many. Others were arrested, among them Zadgorsky the sacristan of the Cathedral, who confessed his guilt and gave away his accomplices. He explained that it had been arranged that he should escape to Russia in the confusion following the explosion and admitted *inter alia* that when the attempt on the King had failed it was decided to try the alternative scheme of entrapping and destroying the Government as a prelude to a rising. He was executed, as were Friedmann, a lawyer, who confessed his membership of the Communist Party and his knowledge of murder plots, but denied participation in the Cathedral outrage, and Koeff, a retired but ambitious Bulgarian officer. Several persons were condemned to imprisonment for life, and five, among them one Dimitroff, probably not the irrepressible judge-baiter of the recent Reichstag-fire trial, were condemned to death in their absence. The projected rising did not come off because the Government escaped, the Army stood fast and the public, horrified by the nature of the outrage, rallied to the support of the authorities. The Communist press was thus able to adopt a virtuous attitude and describe what was part of an ably planned scheme to take immediate advantage of the destruction of the Government and of a number of officers as an isolated romantic outrage with which good Communists could have had nothing to do, etc. As for Macedonian complicity, why on earth should the Macedonian organisation have killed allies who stood between them and the wrath of the Communists and Agrarians and some of their own people? And if this demonstration of the precise value to be attached to Communist condemnation of "isolated outrages" is not enough, what of the murders (*e.g.*, the Nilonsson affair) which preceded and accompanied the attempted overthrow by a Communist rising of the very democratic Estonian Government on December 1st, 1924? It is very probable that the German Communists had nothing to do with the burning of the Reichstag, and there is no good evidence that they were contemplating a rising at the time. But to say that the Communist record is "clear" in this respect is only admissible on the assumption that the parts of the Bulgarian and Estonian conspiracies can be isolated from the whole, and that the Communists who planned the whole were yet innocent of the part. J. Apella, Sir, may credit it, but the reasoning does not convince X.

[Our correspondent states the official version. We are well aware that a Communist rising was being planned at the time, but from information derived from unimpeachable Macedonian sources we know also that an outrage closely similar to that which actually occurred in Sofia Cathedral had been planned, but not executed, several years earlier. The Macedonians were, as usual, divided into two bodies which were sharply at feud.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

COMMUNIST CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Mr. Postgate is misinformed and his conclusion that patronage should be transferred from our bookshops is drawn without taking proper trouble to ascertain the facts.

It is not true that we impose a censorship on books. Actually, Mr. Postgate's book is listed in the current issue of our publication *Counter Attack*, a marked copy of which we enclose, along with other books that contain no "Praises of the Communist Party." (We also enclose a copy of our former issue to make our practice clear.) Our Lending Library, the first list of which appears in the current issue, covers, as you will see, the widest possible field. Nor is it true that we are "owned by the same people" as the *Daily Worker*.

We must ask you, as Mr. Postgate's implications are damaging to our business, to allow us to say that Mr. Postgate's book or any other book will be supplied by us on demand. So far the influence of the "kindly critics" has had little effect on the demands from our clients.

Perhaps the free advertisement which Mr. Postgate incidentally gains from such letters at our expense in your and other columns will have more effect. The exercising of discretion in ordering stock is business, not censorship. Really we cannot help it if our extensive customers do not like Mr. Postgate's "small book on Marx." F. BEDFORD

Workers' Bookshop, Ltd.,
38 Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

[Messrs. Hamish Hamilton inform us that when their salesman showed an advance copy of Mr. Postgate's book to the manager of the Workers' Bookshop, he was told that it was a "patronising, egotistical" piece of work; that the Workers' Bookshop had no intention of stocking it, and that Mr. Postgate would hear more about it "from our paper."

The copy of *Counter Attack* sent to us does, in fact, contain a mention of the book, with a disparaging comment.—ED., *N.S.& N.*]

LONDON ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—There are certain points in the note you added to Sir Reginald Blomfield's letter which should not be allowed to pass without comment. I do not refer so much to your remarks about "Knighted Architects"—who can take care of themselves very well; but why architects because they happen to be knighted should, automatically, as it were, acquire some sort of a vested interest which affects their architectural integrity seems to be absurd. You might as well say that as soon as a surgeon is knighted his future attitude towards the appendices of the nobility is suspect.

But the sentence I wish more particularly to criticise runs as follows:—"Many of us wish architects would show more enthusiasm for replacing the many squalid and degrading slums and for improving the character of suburban housing schemes." Such a complaint is often to be seen in the press, but when examined is found to be nothing more than uninstructed peevishness. In which way is it possible for an architect—qua architect—to replace squalid and degrading slums with something better? he is only too anxious to place his services and knowledge at the disposal of slum owners, but he cannot make runs entirely off his own bat. It is not an unknown thing for architects voluntarily and at their own expense to work out town-planning schemes of slum reclamation, but surely it is not suggested that this should become a habit and be done as a matter of course.

Then again, in what way is it possible for an architect—qua architect—to improve the character of suburban housing schemes? In our enlightened civilisation such schemes—when they are private—are allowed to be run by speculators acting either as a company or by individual builders who have had little architectural training; in either case the sole object of this building activity is profit, and the architect is regarded as a superfluous extravagance. When the services which architects can provide are used properly, a result such as Hampstead Garden Suburb is achieved.

Finally, as to your desire "to see the rebuilding of the nobler parts of London postponed until a style is developed more satisfactory than at present," seeing that quality in architecture is an exact reflection of the mentality of the civilisation that produces it, we shall have to wait until our civilisation pins its faith in a more excellent standard of values before a better architecture can be produced. VERNON CROMPTON

Southport, Lancashire.

SIR,—I believe that the feeling of your readers will be overwhelmingly on your side against the "knighted architects" who are constantly conspiring with the Crown and Government departments to destroy the better features of London's architectural heritage. Our feeling of exasperation and helplessness grows daily, and we wonder how long we must continue to witness wanton spoliation at the hands of those men who can pull wires at Westminster. I believe also that I shall be speaking for a majority not only of your readers but of all who want some measure of planning and control when I say that we object most vehemently to the destruction of Carlton House Terrace, the Adelphi, Bedford Square, Berkeley Square, the last few interesting features of

Soho Square, and numerous other parts of Georgian and Regency London.

It is obvious that aesthetic and historical considerations must be subject to modification by considerations of public health and domestic decency. There is, however, no necessary conflict between aesthetics and utility. Why then, in the name of common-sense, are Sir Reginald Blomfield, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, Sir Herbert Baker, and others, not getting down to a real job of work on the slums and semi-slums of London? Why aren't they grappling with the provision of offices and flats on the vast quantity of sites which are not fulfilling their economic maximum of accommodation? Why destroy the Adelphi or Carlton House Terrace when we could put tens of thousands of flats and offices over all the Underground stations (as at Baker Street) and on hundreds of unattractive sites at present accommodating two mean storeys? And why do they not raise their knightly voices to protest against the perpetual flooding-out of London into Surrey, Essex, Middlesex and Kent by ribbon growths on every road?

Sir Reginald is angry with you, Sir, for saying in print exactly what I have repeatedly heard verbally among artists, town-planners and intelligent laymen. But let him forget the fancied insult, and let him write you another letter telling us clearly what sort of a resolute stand he is prepared to make in the future against the purposeless destruction of London monuments.

RONALD KIDD

INSULIN

SIR,—I wish to apologise to Mr. Sugden and his firm for suggesting in my former letter to you that Boots were marketing an inferior grade of insulin. Some time ago I bought a bottle of insulin in a Boots' shop, and was asked by the assistant whether I wanted the 1*s.* 8*d.* or 2*s.* quality. The assistant presumably referred to the 2*s.* package marketed by other makers. I should like to state that I have been unable to detect any difference in quality between Boots' insulin at 1*s.* 8*d.*, other English brands at 2*s.*, or Danish insulin at its present price of 1*s.* 5*d.* (inclusive of import duty).

A FORTUNATE DIABETIC

DREAM VERSE

SIR,—Many years ago I dreamt that I was seeing an Elizabethan play, with a plot evidently suggested by Ford's *Broken Heart*, in which a princess received successive announcements of calamity with complete self-possession. Two courtiers were watching her from the side of the stage, and one of them whispered a comment on her callousness. "Who knows," the other answered,

> Who knows
> What tears behind those arid-seeming eyes
> Stand pricking at the lids?

I must own that these lines aroused in me a respect for my "subconscious" which it has since done nothing to justify.

An earlier effort in boyhood, when its taste was clearly more luscious, was as follows:

> And he knew so, who knew
> The murmurs of the Laureate's love forlorn,
> And all the splendours of his broken lyre.

5 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. EDWARD MARSH

SIR,—Lots of years ago I dreamed that I was arguing with Francis Bickley about "Dream Verse." Frank said to me that the characteristics of dream verse were—something or other. I said: "Nonsense. I'll give you an example. Here is a real dream-verse:

> "Hobbes
> When bowling lobs,
> Is very much spryer than
> When writing Leviathan."

Then I woke up—just in time to remember my own Dream-Clerihew.

W. N. EWER

SIR,—The following occurred fairly lately in a dream of mine, which was visually in the Rex Whistler style:

> In the case of a date
> On the plate,
> Let me haste to relate:
> Good taste should dictate
> We must leave stone *and* date
> On the plate.

At the time, this rule of conduct appeared to me to be extremely important for members of the Labour Party. But which of our great leaders (or policies) was the date? NAOMI MITCHISON

River Court, Hammersmith Mall, W.6.

Miscellany

ARTS, FUN AND TAXES

A CHANCELLOR with a surplus in his Exchequer is little likely to escape attention; his ear is every man's target; his door is besieged by the oppressed minorities of the fiscal world. Among those who especially solicit his mercy is the Entertainment Industry, which, ever since the war, has been subject to a tax on turnover of about sixteen per cent. Not every member of this community is anxious to make a fuss. There are football clubs, for example, which charge their crowds a shilling, tax included, and are not eager to see the tax removed; for then there might be a cry for sixpenny admission, a form of clamour not sweet to the director's ear.

But the theatrical industry is very much in earnest. It is working, in this matter, apart from the Cinema Interests, who also want to see the Entertainment Tax disappear. The recently formed Stage and Allied Arts Defence League, which represents all phases of capital and labour employed in Unmechanical Entertainment, is working on its own, stressing the personal factor, and making a special claim for exemption from the Duty "where the human element predominates." That it is over-stating its case does not destroy the fact that it has a case. For the English Professional Theatre, outside of London, is dwindling out of existence; even those who care least about any cultural significance attaching to this calamity must admit that capital is going unrewarded and labour unemployed. "In 1932," says the League, "there were 184 companies regularly touring. In 1933, there were only 37."

The case against the Duty is that it is a tax on losses. "One theatre, which lost £62 on the year, paid £1,421 in Entertainment tax." "A Repertory Theatre in the Provinces, employing 35 people, made an accumulated loss in ten years of £2,031 and paid in Duty £16,340." And so forth. The opponents of abolition will reply that the theatres did not pay the tax; the public did. The theatre got its shilling, five shillings, or half a guinea, as the case might be; the playgoer put up the extra pence or shillings. Therefore, it cannot be said that the theatre paid so much away in Duty. That is true and the theatre propagandists should be more frank about it. But it is also true that if you raise the price of admission with a tax you are diminishing public support. People buy cheaper seats than they would otherwise have done; or they go to other and cheaper entertainment. Undoubtedly the Duty does assist the cinema against the theatre. It is absurd to suggest that all the troubles of the theatre are due to the tax; many citizens of Coketown have transferred their pocket-money from the "T.R." to the Electropalasseum because they prefer the starry-clustered film to the touring company. They are attracted by a modern, well-upholstered building. Were the prices level, they might still think the film better value for money. We shall not, of necessity, "save the theatre" by removing taxation "where the human element predominates" and leaving the cinema Duty-bound. But we might do something of a helpful kind.

If the Chancellor did discriminate between the human and mechanical entertainment, he would certainly bring some relief to an industry in dire distress. (Londoners insufficiently realise the desperate plight of the provincial theatre.) How much the Exchequer would lose is doubtful. If theatrical prosperity did return as the result of this action, the loss would be small. Many stage-hands are now a charge on the community. It is asserted that more than £100,000 a year is being spent on their relief. Income tax on theatrical profits would rise. The money distributed by the touring companies in transport and accommodation would circulate again. When "a film" arrives in a town it spends nothing; actors must sleep and eat. There is good reason for deploring the decay of the theatre on financial grounds alone; still better reason when one regards the cultural effects.

It can be said that a gentleman who is touring a show called

Giggles and Girls, in which the human (and crural) element predominates, has certainly no better right to relief than a cinema which is showing reputable films. But the Industry of Entertainment, marketing its fun to catch the public pocket-money, includes the Art of the Theatre and it really is monstrous that this should be lumped in with prize-fights as taxable matter. Both the Memorial Theatre at Stratford and the "Vic-Wells" organisation in London lost last year just as much as was handed over to the Government in tax. Owing to private benefaction, both these theatres start with far greater financial advantages than ordinary commercial houses. Even so, Shakespeare and opera involve costs too heavy for their purses. In any other European community they would have public assistance from the city or the State. Here the Government does nothing whatever for theatrical art, save censor it and tax it. If it were proposed to put a tax on all copies of plays sold, including the classics, what an outcry there would be about barbarism in Whitehall! We not only do not tax books; we provide them free on loan at the public cost. The difference of treatment meted out to the acted and the written word is illogical to the verge of lunacy.

Could the Chancellor make the suggested distinction between mechanical entertainment and that "in which the human element predominates"? Problems of administration would arise, as they always do when the incidence of a Duty is involved. My criticism of the theatre's present campaign against the Duty is that it confuses *post hoc* and *propter hoc;* but propaganda inevitably errs in that direction. You cannot expect to have only the fine shades in appeals to public opinion. The campaigners put excessive blame on the Duty and attribute too marvellous results to its abolition. But they have a real grievance; the tax does so hinder business that managers start to cut the price of seats, which really means that they are paying the Duty themselves; in many cases, the result is fairly described as a tax on losses. The facts of theatrical decline are there, a dismal record of closed doors or sale to the conquering cinema which can cut out the labour costs. "Two theatres in the West End of London which went over to the pictures employed 880 people as regular theatres, but on becoming cinemas employed fewer than 100." Even those who are given cold shivers by the mention of Shakespeare and would run miles to escape a play that challenged the intelligence, must consider the economic fact. The theatre, seen as a national institution and not as an appendage to the West End hotels and restuarants, is really fighting for its life—and losing. It has been an essential part of English civilisation. Removing a tax on turnover may not save it; but, before we decide to continue the tax, the case against it must be very carefully considered. IVOR BROWN

AMERICAN ACTING

IN America people speak of "the Lunts." Alfred Lunt and Lyn Fontanne are the most celebrated married pair on the American stage. He made his first appearance in 1913 and many of his most notable successes have been achieved under the auspices of the Theatre Guild, which implies that he has taken a share in some of the finest productions of the last twenty years. He is famous for his versatility and the completeness with which he subordinates his personality to his parts. He married Miss Lyn Fontanne in 1923 and from that date they have almost invariably acted together. She is English born, though of French descent on her father's side. For a short time she was a pupil of Ellen Terry, and, like a good many actresses who have risen to the top of their profession, her connection with the stage began when she was a child. Those who visit the Lyric Theatre will have an opportunity, therefore, of seeing one of America's leading actresses in a part which at any rate exhibits her easy elegance and natural grace, and Mr. Alfred Lunt in a character part of gay insolence and impetuosity. Needless to say they act extraordinarily well together. *Reunion in Vienna* is not a play of any emotional depth. You must not expect to care what happens to the people on the stage; you must be content with the pleasures of suspense and surprise. Mr. Robert E. Sherwood is an adept at mixing attractive ingredients, adding when necessary even a suggestion of psychological profundity which is not really there. There is no upshot to *Reunion in Vienna*. It is merely an episode in the lives of three people, and when it is over there is no reason, so far as I could see, that their relations to each other would be any different from what they were before. But though nothing has happened in any vital sense to the people most concerned, plenty has been going on before our eyes to amuse us, and thanks to the beautiful elegance of Miss Lyn Fontanne's performance of Elena, which tells in every gesture, attitude, and movement, we are hardly aware at the time of the emotional vulgarity of the play—its fundamental emptiness.

The play is made up after a prescription even more likely to tickle palates in New York than in London: curiosity about the divinity that doth hedge a King "rough hew him as we will," and reverence for the prophets of psycho-analysis. Our curiosity about the former is not so intense, while our respect for the latter is not so deep. The dramatic situation is a rivalry between the exiled heir to the Austrian Empire and, say, of a Dr. Freud, and the bone of contention between them is the love of a woman who in the days of the Empire had been the mistress of the heir, and subsequently became the wife of the famous psycho-analyst. Elena is most unwilling to go to a reunion of impoverished survivors of the Imperial Court which is to be held the night the play opens, because she hears that Rudolph von Hapsburg (Alfred Lunt) is himself going to be secretly present. Dr. Anton Krug insists on her going. Their marriage, although it has been a happy one, has fallen short of complete union, for a shadow of that old love affair has lain between husband and wife. In order that the ghost of her shining ex-lover should be exorcised he insists on her attending the dinner, for he counts on her being disillusioned. "Don't be afraid, let yourself go." She is afraid, but she goes.

The reunion takes place in the Imperial suite of a once-splendid hotel. It is a dismal gathering. They have heard that Rudolph has not been able to cross the frontier. The champagne is cheap; their spirits low; they droop into dinner. Then, airy and insolent, in knickerbockers and a Tyrolese hat, the royal youth arrives. He won't join them at dinner but he calls for Elena and instantly starts making love to her. In a jiffy he has whipped off her wedding-ring. She won't; he commands. She won't; he pleads. He calls for an Hungarian gipsy band (and here we have an opportunity of listening to real aphrodisiac music, subtly played by Aladar Sio's band). Elena and Rudolph dance; waltzing they disappear through the bedroom door. She escapes half-undressed, and flies home. Rudolph follows, and we reach the climax of the play which is the confrontation of husband and lover—Psycho-analysis and Royalty. It looks as though the Professor was preparing to fight for his love, but when he hears that the police are after his rival he behaves in accordance with his principles, and, so far from turning Rudolph out, gets into a car himself to interview the authorities and secure a free pass for the Pretender out of the country, on condition, of course, that he will never return. Elena and Rudolph are left together, and at first it seems that Rudolph is right when he says that the magnanimity of psychology has dealt him a fatal blow. Hitherto he has been arrogant. Now he is crestfallen. And although he did not foresee it, this change in his own feeling does the trick. Elena is tenderly sorry for him, takes into his bedroom his jacket which wants mending, and they spend the night together. The curtain falls, rises quickly, and the Professor in the early morning finds them at breakfast. Royalty departs, Psychology is left in possession of the field, but whether the "ghost" has been laid is more than the audience, and probably the psychologist himself, can tell.

As I have said, it is the grace and refinement of Miss Lyn Fontanne's acting which prevents the emotional triviality of

the play becoming too apparent, while the vigour and completeness with which Mr. Lunt interprets the behaviour of a young man who is absolutely certain that his birth has made him different from other men, though others ignore it, satisfies us completely. Several of the minor parts, too, are admirably acted, notably Mr. Clive Currie's performance as the father of the psycho-analyst. DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION

IN the courtyard of the Royal Academy stands a bronze Sir Joshua. His eyes are fixed on the windows of the Society of Antiquaries, and with a fine painting gesture he sweeps a bronze brush through the air. But the bronze canvas needed to complete the effigy is missing. It is an appropriate symbol for the exhibition within the building, where the work, not in his case only, is lacking to embody our consciousness of the artist.

It is easy to pick holes, or detect them, in the selection of British art presented by the organisers of the exhibition, and it is probably fairer on some occasions to regret than to blame. Their difficulties must have been considerable. In the very beginning they were faced by an anachronistic Act of Parliament which forbids our principal public galleries to allow their pictures to leave the walls—an embargo unique to this country. Nowadays, when a travelling masterpiece is as carefully guarded as a trainful of gold, since everyone knows that its value is much more stable, the reason for such precaution has disappeared. It has obviously created an obstacle from which the present Burlington House exhibition suffers.

This is especially the case with the great panjandrums of our national art. There is a very great deal of not first-rate work by the big men who are to be seen to better advantage in Trafalgar Square. Granted that they are there immovable, it still seems a pity that the superfluity of their average production should crowd out good examples of lesser painters. The President of the Royal Academy, in his preface to the catalogue, thus indicates the general policy of selection—

"Besides indicating broadly the various phases and stages of British Art through about nine centuries, this exhibition seeks to stress the great contributions made by particular artists. Special honour is done to the portrait and landscape painting of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Lawrence, Turner and Constable; and it is with a natural feeling of pride that the Royal Academy sees on its walls so many masterpieces of men who have studied and taught in its Schools and have taken an active part in its establishment and administration during the first century of its existence."

It is difficult not to feel that a cat has escaped from a bag. Not all of the indifferent pictures shown and not all of the absences are to be attributed to the selectors' unavoidable lack of opportunity or purely aesthetic preferences. After the presidential paragraph, may it not be that some of the regrets awakened by the exhibition—and, it is possible, the most general and the most legitimate—are due to definite policy? For eight hundred years we are offered a broad indication, for a century we have the privilege of sharing a natural feeling of academic pride. Who, after this, can refuse to join in cheers for the good old Academy, or to give it credit for devising one of the biggest strokes of advertising that the world has seen?

The moment is admirably chosen. After the last few years' exhibitions, the Academy has reached the lowest ebb of its authority. Its monopoly of commissions is dwindling even in regard to sculpture on commercial buildings. A committee is threatened, though probably there is little cause for alarm, to effect a liaison between modern art and modern industry. The recent exhibition of English conversation pictures at Sir Philip Sassoon's showed that there was a deep-rooted tradition of natural English painting, completely exposing the time-worn cliche that academic painting was the real English thing. With such a crumbling of prestige, the chance for a despairing rally at Burlington House was providential, and has been seized in a manner that can only compel admiration.

Morland, represented by five not very good pictures, and Rowlandson, represented by twelve, of which eight are very inferior examples, were not Academicians, but each in his medium was a glory of English painting. They might surely have been allowed a little of the space allotted to the thirty-one samples of Reynolds and the forty-one of Gainsborough. For, after all, one academic Reynolds is very like another, and nobody would claim much variety for the full-dress Gainsboroughs. But Morland and Rowlandson, the conversation painters, the sporting painters, the draughtsmen-illustrators, such as Cruikshank and Leech (who are not represented), and caricaturists like Gilray and Bunbury exhibit an amazing variety of technique and subject and are in the best English tradition.

For the academic tradition is neither the only English tradition nor the best. Six of the seven painters mentioned by the President—for the academicism of Hogarth is little more than titular and he was usually at odds with his fellows—indeed represent a particular kind of painting at its finest, but it is worth remembering, too, the horde of bad painters also of that particular kind, on whose behalf they have to bear the brunt of criticism, if we are asked to judge academic accomplishment by them. And how little is Gainsborough an Academician when he is at his best. Among the loveliest pictures in the exhibition are *Heneage Lloyd and His Sister*, *Robert Andrews and His Wife* (with its marvellous landscape setting), *Mr. and Mrs. Brown* and *View of Dedham*, intimate pieces of natural perfection which are worth all the vaunted pomp of the stylised portraits put together. Some hint of his own real views about the latter appears in one of his letters—"I'm sick of portraits and wish very much to take my Viol-da-gam and walk off to some sweet village, where I can paint landskips and enjoy the fag-end of life in quietness and ease." To Lord Lansdowne he even went so far as to say, "I can't paint portraits."

Reynolds, too, shows better when he is least P.R.A., and curiously anticipates Manet, as in the quiet, unassuming portrait of the girl in the blue cap, or *Lady Caroline Howard*. Constable, with his small *Opening of Waterloo Bridge*, *Lock and Cottages on the Stour* and study for *The Leaping Horse*, seems nearer to the man who wrote "I never saw an ugly thing in my life" than in the larger, more deliberate work. And Romney's *William Pitt* is obviously better work than his standardised beauties. It was in spite of the Academy, with its imposition of an empty grand manner, its forced classicism, and its turning of a talent into a machine, that even the Academicians painted their best. One of the delights of the exhibition is the surprise it frequently offers in this respect. Another is the way in which disappointment in regard to reputations to which lip-service has so long been paid is compensated by unexpected discoveries.

A landscape in oils attributed to J. R. Cozens, *Aquae Albulae*, suddenly shines on one with the beauty of an early Corot, and seems almost a miracle. David Core's *Rhyl Sands* is one altogether, a piece of radiant impressionism. Zoffany, escaped from the hard lights of the stage, sets Dr. Johnson at tea with the Garricks in an exquisite river-landscape. Hogarth, roughing-in a masked ball, displays an uncramped ease and harmony of colour that the high finish of so much of his work disintegrates. The Cromes are nearly all too dark, but the Cotmans, particularly the *Waterfall*, are a revelation. Bonington triumphs throughout; Samuel Palmer's rain of colour dims his neighbours. Turner's *Grand Canal* makes one almost sorry for the presence of too much else of his, and Girtin's *White House* shows how right Turner was about him.

Such beauties are to be lighted on here and there in the midst of much blank though painted space, for there is little cohesion in the exhibition. The sudden leap from Wilkie to the pre-Raphaelites emphasises this effect. Without

anything of Philip, Maclise, or Egg, and with only one Mulready, the P.R.B. seem strangely detached from their surroundings. With their meticulous respect for detail and verisimilitude in drawing they fit in with academic precepts, and may now safely be co-opted into the academic corpus, but they make a poor, though vociferous, showing. Millais's *Autumn Leaves* is altogether a beautiful work, but it is the only one in the room with unity. Hunt's *Hireling Shepherd* has a fine section of landscape in the upper left-hand corner, the backgrounds of Millais's *Blind Girl* and *Sir Isumbras* rouse a longing to slice the rest away; but the hopeless conflict of unimportant ornament and setting with the central figures ruins nearly all the other canvases as painting. They have the charm of the artists' temperaments, the pathos of a thwarted endeavour, but from internal strife they fail. One regrets the absence of Windus from the room, but by the time of arriving at it one is accustomed to the gaps and patchwork aspect of the exhibition as a whole. There is much to be grateful for, much that is enchanting, but the effort to advertise the academic tradition has led to a lack of proportion and destroyed a true representative valuation of the national achievement.

T. W. EARP

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Tempest"

Mr. Guthrie's production of *The Tempest* at Sadler's Wells is the first of his Shakespearean adventures which must answer a charge of downright dullness. Admittedly a difficult play to stage, it at least deserves some more courageous tackling, at the outset, than Mr. John Armstrong's single setting which hovers miserably and uncertainly between realism and fantasy, missing the best of both worlds. But this might have been overcome, had the company as a whole been given some definite orchestration, and if their mannerisms had been checked rather than exploited.

The first, and possibly the most serious mistake is the casting of Miss Ursula Jeans as Miranda. She is a competent actress with a "line" of her own, but it does not extend to the childlike innocence and wonder without which Miranda is nothing; and the apparently modern dance-frock with the silver "halo" which she wears in the course of the evening thrusts her still farther out of the picture.

Miss Elsa Lanchester's Ariel has all the queerness which one is entitled to expect from this actress, whose immense talent lies in a solemn, calculated unexpectedness of gesture rather than in genuine expressiveness. It is certainly not the sexless being of Shakespeare's imagination, though perhaps it was only the debauching effect of the films which caused me to associate her gait and characteristic pose with that of the American chorus girl engaged in executing what is called a "hot number"

Mr. Laughton suffers from over-sobriety in his attack on Prospero—which means, in effect, that the rhythms, save in one or two splendid moments, elude him, leaving nothing but the bare intelligence. Incidentally, he too is handicapped, by whiskers and make-up which suggest a vigorous centenarian, and a hat, in the last act, which is altogether ridiculous. After so much complaining, it is comforting to acknowledge Mr. Roger Livesey's original touches and malignity as Caliban, and the fine speaking of Mr. Dennis Arundell as Antonio.

Eisenstein Thunders Over Mexico

Such a cry of vandalism had been set up in advance that one was content, at the Marble Arch Pavilion, to take the Mexico film, Eisenstein's or not, as it came. Mr. Upton Sinclair's foreword explained that a great deal of the film had necessarily been cut; and it might not have been a bad thing if he had gone on in the same spirit and made short work of his own speech. The film itself is, at the beginning and at the end, a mere patchwork of stills heavily overplastered with titles. Between them, we get for an hour or so an uninterrupted picture of Mexico in the last century, the haciendados and the peons, the plantations, landscapes of cactus, hill and cloud. The theme is the oppression of native workers: these types have been beautifully chosen and photographed. The oppressors are whiskered bullies of the old school from a Marxian fashion-plate, having the high old times which in every Communist film forebode revolution. *Thunder Over Mexico* ends with a gallery of native workmen smiling (almost for the first time in the film) over their machines, gymkhana and brass bands. Most of the historical effect of the film has been lost in cutting. What remains is the landscape and the native life; and this is as moving as anything that has appeared on a screen.

John Strachey at the Lefevre Galleries

Instead of doing everything that might be mistaken for it, Mr. Strachey is one of that dwindling band, the men who paint. This has come to imply, to-day, that he lacks self-consciousness. He also lacks *chic*, the remaining parent of these myriads of stillborn canvas maps to nowhere. Because of this, he deserves to escape a tepid critic. It shall be said, therefore, that Mr. Strachey is young and experimental; that virtuosity comes with insidious speed to the natural painter (No. 3), and that an intuitive grasp of tonal problems (No. 11) may become a snare. There is, in fact, the tiniest germ of a knighthood in No. 11. If any of this seems to his discredit, there is the other side. There is his freshness of feeling, his pig-headedness in doing what he wants to do in his own way, without intellectual *maquillage*, and, finally, his indubitable gift. This is not in his occasional, rather alarming *premier coup* accuracy, nor even in his delicacies, such as the charming sky in No. 4, one of the most successful works as regards colour. It is to be discovered in the profound gusto of what is perhaps the best picture he exhibits, No. 20. It represents sea and rocks, in blue-green and red-brown. Here the plastic possibilities have been admirably apprehended; there is a weighty, controlled swirl, a singleness of aim in the composition which make it a most desirable work of art. The rocks live.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, January 13th—
Song and Pianoforte Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, January 14th—
Dr. Enid Charles on "The Menace of Under Population," Conway Hall, 11.
Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.

MONDAY, January 15th—
"Little Plays of St. Francis," University College, 8.15.
"Hemlock," Fortune Theatre.

TUESDAY, January 16th—
Drs. R. Langdon Down, E. Mapother and C. P. Blacker on "Safeguards in Eugenic Sterilisation." Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
Major J. V. Delahaye on "Capitalism: A Challenge to Quakers," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Prof. H. J. Laski on "Democracy," Morley College, 8.

THURSDAY, January 18th—
R. C. Davison on "Unemployment Insurance," Morley College, 8.
"The Rivals," Ambassadors Theatre.
Royal Philharmonic Society, Chamber Concert, Aeolian Hall, 8.30.

Ask for

"BP"

ETHYL

(Not just "Ethyl")

'BP' Petrol comes from BRITISH owned wells

It is made in BRITISH refineries

and is carried in BRITISH ships

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE beauty of serious poetry grows and grows as the reader moons over its haunting lines, but humour does not usually stand such mumbling reiteration. One will laugh at almost anything once, but after the third or fourth repetition the best joke loses its sparkle. Thus, there is very little in literature which one can call permanently funny. Perhaps for each individual the things which seem most permanently ridiculous are the memories of his own imbecilities, and for each generation the out-moded affectations of the previous generation. For example, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* has become extremely funny; if dramatised in a simple manner and put on the stage to-day it would be a popular farce. Its wickedness (so often denounced from the bench) and its daring aestheticism have evaporated, leaving behind a monument of humourless affectation which I personally find now more amusing than Wilde's intentional wit. But affectation is at its richest and most condensed in poetry, and there is a poem by Richard le Gallienne, included by Mr. A. J. A. Symons in his *Anthology of Nineties' Verse*, which makes a particularly personal appeal to me and never fails of its effect in my gloomier moments. It is indeed a talisman, a charm. I repeat it and the clouds lift even if they do not roll away.

BEAUTY ACCURS'T

I am so fair that whereso'er I wend
Men yearn with strange desire to kiss my face,
Stretch out their hands to touch me as I pass,
And women follow me from place to place.

The sleepy kine move round me in desire
And press their oozy lips upon my hair,
Toads kiss my feet and creatures of the mire,
The snails will leave their shells to watch me there.

* * *

In face of a poem like that the position of the humorous writer is far from enviable. If he study the literature of the past he will find that the unconscious humorists are much the funniest. They have the monopoly of pomposity, solemnity, stupidity and affectation—in the natural expression of which states of mind mankind excels. How can wit, invention and a sense of the ludicrous hope to rival such effects when time has ripened and exposed them? The intentional humorist cannot compete with such black-leg work. However much he tries he will be cut out by some grimly serious poet or politician. The popularity of such a column as *This England* and its prototype published by Mr. Mencken in *The American Mercury* is, indeed, greater than most of the funny columns. Real professors and society women are always outdoing Dr. Strabismus and Lady Cabstanleigh. It was perhaps realising this, and a friendly wish to give the author a second chance at immortality, which led Hemingway, in a blurb on the jacket of James Thurber's new book, *My Life and Hard Times* (Harper's, 6*s*.), to pretend to confuse the author with Alice B. Toklas, whose autobiography has recently been written by Miss Gertrude Stein.

* * *

In a preface to his life, Thurber describes the predicament of writers of what he calls "light pieces" most admirably.

> Authors of such pieces have, nobody knows why, a genius for getting into minor difficulties: they walk into the wrong apartments, they drink furniture polish for stomach bitters, they drive their cars into the prize tulip beds of haughty neighbours, they playfully slap gangsters, mistaking them for old school friends. To call such persons "humourists," a loose-fitting and ugly word, is to miss the nature of their dilemma and the dilemma of their nature. The little wheels of their invention are set in motion by the damp hand of melancholy. Such a writer moves about restlessly wherever he goes, ready to get the hell out at the drop of a pie-pan or the lift of a skirt. His gestures are the ludicrous reflexes of the maladjusted; his repose is the momentary inertia of the nonplussed.

Thurber's drawings in *The New Yorker*, his collection of drawings, *The Seal in the Bedroom*, and one or two of the illustrations in *Is Sex Necessary?* have shown us such persons in an immense number of comic crises. Often he is doing no more than other comic artists, but Thurber is distinguished by rarely making us laugh at a social situation, he is almost always concerned with a personal one. Instead of our being invited to laugh at some ass who has got himself into a fix, we are reminded of an awkward dilemma in which we once found ourselves. The outlines of his plasticine men and women are sufficiently vague for them to be easily identified with oneself. In *The Seal in the Bedroom* he presents a sequence of thirty-five drawings, a parable representing the life-story of a man, his wife and their child. Few married people, I think, can fail to see it as a presentation of their own personal *Race for Life*. But in *My Life and Hard Times*, Thurber leaves the pictorial parable and records his memories, and we learn just what the determining factors were which made him what he is to-day. His story rings true. There is a sort of studied accuracy about his prose.

* * *

> I suppose the high water mark of my youth in Columbus, Ohio, was the night the bed fell on my father.

That is the opening sentence, like a traditional piece of clown's patter, and though the incident is by no means the high-water mark of the book it is characteristic because, after reading half a page, we believe it, and because of the extremely clear picture it gives of half a dozen people acting blindly in a half-awakened condition, on conflicting hypotheses which they found it almost impossible to communicate. Thurber is particularly good at night alarms—common no doubt in all families—but usually hushed up. *The Night the Ghost Got In* is the best of them, and the police his mother called in because the family didn't dare tell her it was not a burglar—since she was more frightened of ghosts than of burglars—are perfect.

> One of them found an old zither that Roy had won in a pool tournament. "Looky here, Joe," he said, strumming it with a big paw. The Cop named Joe took it and turned it over. "What is it?" he asked me. "It's an old zither our guinea-pig used to sleep on," I said. It was true that a pet guinea-pig we once had would never sleep anywhere except on the zither, but I should never have said so.

* * *

If I were to say that I have laughed a dozen times over some of the chapters of *My Life and Hard Times* it would just injure the book, and would not do me any good either. There is nothing people think more shameful than other people laughing, and nothing that they more dislike having to watch. If they hear a couple of people laughing together in the street, people always look shocked and think the laugh is at them. But one man laughing alone on an escalator is even more unpopular. Muggs, the terribly strong Airedale, and Grandfather who went on living in the days of the Civil War are the most striking characters in the book, and *The Day the Dam Broke* the finest scene that Thurber's home town offers. But it is easier to quote from his study of Botany:

> You were supposed to see a vivid restless clockwork of sharply defined plant cells. "I see what looks like a lot of milk," I would tell him. This, he claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the microscope properly, so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself. And I would look again and see milk.

Later in life Thurber served somewhat unexpectedly as a medical examiner of recruits on the draft board during the war.

> Once I got hold of a man who, it came out later, had swallowed a watch—to make the doctors believe there was something wrong with him inside. Since I didn't know what you were supposed to hear through a stethoscope, the ticking of the watch at first didn't surprise me, but I decided to call Dr. Ridgeway into consultation, because nobody else had ticked. "This man seems to tick," I said to him. He looked at me in surprise, but didn't say anything. Then he thumped the man, laid his ear to his chest and finally tried the stethoscope. "Sound as a dollar," he said. "Listen lower down," I told him. The man indicated his stomach. Ridgeway gave him a haughty, indignant look. "That's for the abdominal men to worry about," he said, and moved off.

When I put down Thurber's book I seemed to tick myself—a case for the abdominal men.

DAVID GARNETT

Magnus Merriman

Eric Linklater

"unique, filled with zest and gusto, and never flags for an instant"

HUGH WALPOLE

7s. 6d. net

Louis XV

A new biography by

PIERRE GAXOTTE

Translated from the French by J. Lewis May 12s. 6d. net

Waterfront

A new novel by

JOHN BROPHY

Author of *The Rocky Road*, etc. 7s. 6d. net

Whistler's Corner

A new novel by

NORA STEVENSON

Author of *African Harvest*, etc. 7s. 6d. net

Ready January 25th

Work of Art

Sinclair Lewis

7s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

NEW NOVELS

Harriet. By ELIZABETH JENKINS. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Night Over Fitch's Pond. By CORA JARRETT. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.
Family Cruise. By HELEN ASHTON. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Forward, Oh Time! By VALENTINE KATAEV. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

In *Harriet*, Miss Elizabeth Jenkins' new novel, how many readers will recognise a psychological *compte rendu* of the circumstances that led up to the Penge Murder Trial before Mr. Justice Hawkins, otherwise Lord Brampton, at the Old Bailey some fifty-six years ago? So close has the novelist stuck to her historical groundwork, that an account of the judge's physiognomy and of his fondness for fox-terriers is not omitted. The culprits are allowed to retain the Christian names under which they were first condemned to death and then reprieved; while, with one curious exception, the details of this strange and horrifying story have been preserved by Miss Jenkins in her vivid narrative. The exception, however, is very significant. Louis Staunton and his brother, Patrick, together with Patrick's wife, Eliza, and her sister Alice Rhodes, Louis Staunton's mistress, were convicted of starving to death a harmless imbecile whom Louis had married for her money. The idiot woman and her infant child were imprisoned in an unfurnished, unheated and almost unlighted upper-room in Patrick Staunton's house near Sevenoaks; her fortune was enjoyed by her husband, who had taken an isolated farm-house some miles away, and her jewellery, clothes and trinkets, of which she had a considerable store, were handed over to Alice Rhodes, his concubine. Then, one day, the victim's mother, Mrs. Butterfield, whose suspicions had already been aroused, came face to face with Alice on London Bridge wearing her daughter's brooch. . . . That incident, perhaps the most dramatic feature of the whole story, Miss Jenkins has felt obliged to tone down; for, though fact may make an arresting use of coincidence and generally arrange itself after the pattern of a traditional melodrama, modern fiction, as personified by Miss Jenkins, is obliged to be more scrupulous of verisimilitude.

No acknowledgment is recorded, either on the dust-cover or within the book itself, to the materials from which Miss Jenkins has derived her inspiration. She leaves it to the reader to pick up her clues; but, whether he regards *Harriet* as a work of pure imagination or recognises it for what it is—a pyschological reconstruction of a nearly forgotten *cause célèbre*—he must needs admire the very great skill and delicacy with which Miss Jenkins has gone about a difficult and absorbing task. The criminal, as William Bolitho explained in that brilliant, though diffuse and over-written, study, *Murder for Profit*, is seldom the complete monster we choose to imagine; or, if he *is* a monster, less often a monster of sadism than a monster of primitive egocentricity. Murderers—witness G. J. Smith, Crippen, Landru and many others—are frequently recruited from the ranks of hucksters, thwarted capitalists and small business men. They are persons with whom the supreme necessity of "getting on," of rising from the level to which it has pleased God to call them, outweighs all secondary considerations. Their crimes are usually a form of exaggerated and ruthless "self-help." Yet, after all, there is an imperceptible boundary-line; there is a point beyond which the mean acquisitive instinct, common to hundreds of thousands of their blameless fellows, becomes a definite and bloodthirsty resolve. In *Harriet*, Miss Jenkins shows us a group of selfish, commonplace, ill-natured, vulgar, but not inhuman or fundamentally monstrous, young men and women, moving step by step towards one of the most callous and cold-hearted crimes ever revealed in an English court of law. Harriet Staunton and her baby, which died some time before its mother, were literally starved and frozen to death; yet, against this unpromising background—the idiot woman gibbering and shivering in an icy, darkened room—Miss Jenkins describes the passionate self-preoccupation of "the guilty pair," Louis Staunton and Alice Rhodes (for her purposes, Lewis Oman and Alice Hoppner) and the intense loyalty that united the two brothers, with an understanding that makes them almost sympathetic.

Miss Jenkins has produced a remarkably readable book. A novel, that also deals with the theme of murder, and which personally I have read from end to end with unforced, though sometimes irritated, attention, is *Night Over Fitch's Pond*, by Cora Jarrett. Julius Nettleton, a don at a small American university, the unaffectionate, blandly patronising husband of a charming, sensitive but rather weak-willed middle-aged woman, for whom the narrator has long cherished a hopeless passion, has been drowned in a boating accident near his summer cottage. The narrator is represented as sitting up with his friend's body and gradually, hour by hour, piecing together the train of small tragic happenings that preceded Julius' estrangement from his wife. Must he believe that Julius committed suicide? Has he any excuse for the still darker suspicions that now and then cross his mind? Miss Jarrett's object is to maintain our suspense till the very last page. She writes carefully, sometimes a little sentimentally; but her analysis of the five main characters—the narrator himself, Julius Nettleton and his wife, Rolf Deming, with whom Mary falls in love, and Eloise, the managing vivacious hard-mouthed, smooth-tongued woman to whom Deming is married—though not profound, is extraordinarily deft and convincing. Her denouement, too, is ingenious and unforeseen. It is possible, of course, that, as my intelligence has never been sharpened in the great school of detective fiction, I am deluded more easily than the average reader; but I must admit that the solution of Miss Jarrett's problem—Was Julius a murderer as well as a suicide? Did he intend to commit suicide but die by accident?—escaped me till its author had unravelled the mystery.

Miss Jarrett's most savage portrait is that of Eloise Deming, a woman who "runs" her husband and her married life with the same unsparing and unscrupulous efficiency that other women devote to the conduct of a hat-shop, a beauty-parlour or the editing of a successful Woman's Page. In *Family Cruise*, Miss Helen Ashton has delineated just such a managing female from a different and far more sympathetic point of view. "It was Rose Delamere," she begins, "who persuaded her family to try the experiment of a Mediterranean cruise"; and the adventures of Mrs. Delamere, her irritable nerve-worn husband, her two daughters—nice girls, both of them, *au fond*, but difficult, fractious and unsettled—and the young man to whom her elder daughter is married, make a pleasant but not unduly exciting story. This is an easy, competent and diverting book; it is the kind of book, indeed, that one reads with pleasure—Miss Ashton provides some luminous recollections of Mediterranean scenery—but to which in retrospect one is inclined to be a little unfair. It is so digestible that it vanishes and leaves no trace. *Forward, Oh Time!* however, Valentine Kataev's huge novel of the Five-Year Plan, puts as severe a strain on the etiolated modern digestion as would an Homeric blood-pudding if it were introduced into the menu of a Bloomsbury dinner-party. At least in their translated form, not a few of Kataev's more ambitious descriptive passages are partly or totally unintelligible; while other passages—an entire chapter, for instance, containing an abstract of an article on "The Preparation and Production of High-grade Concrete"—may strike an English reader as extremely dull.

Yet, *Forward, Oh Time!* is well worth reading. My own very superficial impressions of an afternoon's sight-seeing in Moscow are those of intense physical discomfort—comparable to that of the sweatiest and weariest Bank Holiday crowd—and of perfervid, often naive moral enthusiasm. Both elements are to be found in Kataev's book. This is the story of a gigantic Soviet "construction," pitched in a desolate whirlwind-tormented steppe between Europe and Asia. Its protagonists are the engineers, propagandists and leaders of shock brigades who are struggling to break a record set by the enthusiasts of a similar construction thousands of miles away. Kataev's narrative method is episodic; character after character, each described by the novelist with a grotesque realism that he seems to derive from Gogol's *Dead Souls*, jerks briefly and explosively across the stage, vanishes and then suddenly reappears. The effect is often very confusing. Here is a universe in which the amenities that we have learned to regard as the chief justification of civilised existence have plunged into the limbo of yesteryear, where leisure and ruminative idleness are almost unknown. Of this world, with its deliberately simplified values, its consuming earnestness, its heroism and its crude bigotry, Valentine Kataev is the prophet and exponent.

PETER QUENNELL

IT ensures delivery if you place a definite order with your newsagent
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review
10 Gt. Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Miss Clemence Dane explains why she "so particularly" enjoyed

A WARNING TO WANTONS

The Book Society's January Choice

"I suppose I so particularly enjoyed Mary Mitchell's novel because I like to laugh and to forget real life and its problems as often as I can, and *A Warning to Wantons* ingeniously contrives that the reader shall do both. Its plot is exciting, its rhythm agreeable, its style demure and exciting, while the sub-title, "a fantastic romance," agreeably suggests to the reader that he need not be pedantic in his judgment of a fairy tale. . . .

The elderly Count Anton is perhaps, next to Renée herself, the best-drawn character in the book; but the child of nature, Pauli, is also a beautiful piece of work—comic, and, at the same time, touching."

Book Society News.

SYLVIA LYND writes:

"If James Laver had collaborated with the darling ghost of Anthony Hope, he might have produced a story something like this."

Harper's Bazaar.

★ ***A Warning to Wantons.*** By Mary Mitchell. 12,500 copies sold before publication. 2nd Edition ready immediately. 7s. 6d.

READY NEXT MONDAY

Geoffrey Dennis's novel BLOODY MARY'S

Mr. Dennis, recapturing the method and manner of *Mary Lee*, describes relentlessly and truthfully the life at an old-fashioned school in the North as seen through the eyes of one of its younger boys. 7s. 6d.

Arnold Zweig's DE VRIENDT GOES HOME

The author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, at present in exile, deals in this new novel with the problems of the Jews in Jerusalem. A book that will be read with sympathetic interest by the British public. 7s. 6d.

Lord Ponsonby's LIFE OF JOHN EVELYN

The first life of Pepys's famous contemporary by the distinguished author of *Samuel Pepys* and *English Diaries*. Evelyn's biography, apart from its intrinsic interest, gives a very full picture of the life of his age. Illustrated. 15s.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

MR. STURGE MOORE

The Poems of T. Sturge Moore. Collected Edition. Volume IV. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Wyndham Lewis in his latest song of two thousand lines gives us an Homeric catalogue of contemporary poets in which he "hits off" oddities and predicaments. He tells us, for instance, how Mr. T. Sturge Moore—

> . . . of Hampstead Hill
> Nations of Greeks and Hebrews drives at will
> Across a Gothic landscape.

The difficulty of finding a rhyme for "hill" has indeed forced Mr. Lewis into old-fashioned inversion, but this poetic atavism may be forgiven, for in a panoramic line and a half he has cleverly summarised a poet whose work, in four considerable volumes, has now been completed.

Classical mythology cannot be expelled from English poetic consciousness. The "dead land," to quote Mr. Moore, is still powerful, though "nymphless, unfauned, uncentaured." When the classical element is suppressed it comes back again through the subconscious, as witness the Cantos of Mr. Ezra Pound and Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses*. The Irish poets almost succeeded in beguiling everyone with Celtic divinities and symbols, but the taunts which have pursued poor Deirdre of the Tears ever since prove that the British Helen of Troy will brook no rival. The melodious stream of Tennysonian classicism ends with Stephen Phillips. Historical critics will have to find a place for Mr. Moore's "nation of Greeks," for in his ruggedness, his obstinate objectivity, he is apart from the Victorians and the earlier Romantics. A place must be found, too, for his Judaic poems and dramas in the Gothic landscape. The ancient Hebrew chronicles and myths are an integral part of the religious consciousness of England. Mr. Moore is the only poet who has explored consistently this material for poetic rather than didactic purposes. In his classicism he recovers an ancient piety overlooked by the Romantics and the moralists. In his Hebrew poems, he puts aside the "bright myths of Heaven and Hell."

Approach to this poet must be circuitous, for he offers no help and refuses to exploit the delicate lyric gift shown in some early work. He chooses a theme which Gray made fanciful and his images become metamorphoses :

> The gold fish turns and is suffused again,
> Flame though a giant diamond,
> Blood through a Titan's tear,
> Through all the bowl.

Many of his meditative pieces are encumbered by that Victorian diction which nowadays seems too large for themes, a poetic out-size. But in his own peculiar work this diction vanishes and we are aware of a very individual medium. The deliberate, slow brooding movement of this poetry is in curious contrast with the nervous pace of contemporary work. In the present volume there is one of Mr. Moore's experimental plays, *He Will Not Come :* a drama to be overheard from behind a curtain. The story is that of Don Juan, but it is interesting to note that the poet concentrates upon the Status—the gorgonised mind of the Commendador. This static idea of form and medium as one, a synthesis of sculpture and sage, predominates in his work.

> From heart, mind, and eye
> I claim an elation
> Much nearer true bliss
> Than is found in a kiss,
> Rapt contemplation
> Wherein the whole will
> Is content to lie still.

The section entitled *In Time of War* shows how clearly Mr. Moore saw the injury done by the human race to itself. The following lines, written during the war, express the thought of to-day :

> How all the patience of the soul is claimed
> Watching this loathsome quarrel wreck the world.
> Man's timid flesh is for his proud thought shamed
> Since it invents new engines to be hurled
> Against his easily unseated life,
> Though that agree best with the tenderest ways
> Of wave and breeze, of leaf and child and wife.

Mr. Moore's work does not yield to the literary theories of the moment and the collected edition of his poems, ranging from the late 'nineties to yesterday, will tempt soon the inevitable valuers and surveyors.

AUSTIN CLARKE

THE KINDLY LIGHT

John Henry Newman. By J. ELLIOT ROSS. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Newman and His Friends. By HENRY TRISTRAM. *John Lane.* 6*s.*

That stirring of the human spirit which manifested itself originally in the French Revolution, and was identified in England with the literature of the Romantic school, penetrated at the last even the slumbers of the Established Church ; and Puseyism or, as it is more generally termed, the Oxford Movement was not the least important, though perhaps the most surprising, by-product of the secular philosophies of the eighteenth century. The Tractarians avowedly looked to the past for the purity of the dogmas they postulated, and the "mediaevalism" of contemporary writers must have provided more than a superficial inspiration to their leaders. Although Newman himself knew little French and less German the works of Chateaubriand and Goethe contained much that was sympathetic to the doctrines of the Movement. And Newman has recorded his appreciation of the "deeper philosophy" of Scott who "turned men's minds in the direction of the middle ages," of Coleridge who "made trial of his age, and succeeded in interesting its genius in the cause of Catholic truth," of Southey and of Wordsworth. But in the enthusiasm for primitive and patristic theology which gave birth to the Oxford Movement lay the seeds of its eventual dissolution. For a sophist possibly, for a logician it was incompatible that there could be a *via media*. From a heartrending study of the Monophysite and Donatist heresies Newman was unable to escape the logical parallel that the Church of England was in schism. After many years of conflict, and twelve years after Keble's Assize Sermon, he was received into the Catholic Church and the Oxford Movement was over.

The history of these years and the painful throes of his own conversion have been exactly and beautifully recorded in the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* ; and his "life," over documented and detailed, by Wilfrid Ward leaves little scope for any further work in that direction than a severe pruning of its voluminous non-essentials. The authors of the books under review have, therefore, been wise to examine only certain aspects of the Cardinal's life : and in no sense could either be said to have written a biography. Mr. Ross, an American writer, is chiefly concerned with special points of doctrine raised by Newman in his pamphlets and lectures ; and discusses the importance of the Movement as a Catholicising influence within the Church of England. He states, we believe too optimistically, that :

> A century's flight has shown that this Oxford revival of interest in "historic Christianity" and supernatural religion was not a mere ephemeral and academic episode. It has continued unabated and vigorous to the present day. Although it has not led to a wholesale return of intellectuals to Catholicism or to any "supernatural" or sacramental religion, still less to the restoration of Christian unity, the Movement has served to increase the number of conversions of individual intellectuals to the Catholic Church, and to strengthen the position of Catholic Christianity in the contemporary world.

Chapters are devoted to Newman's Irish undertakings, to the *Apologia*, to the vexed question of Papal Infallibility, and to the Corn Exchange lectures—all of which are viewed, rather smugly, from the Catholic standpoint. Under this great bushel of theological matter the kindly light is nearly extinguished. But Mr. Ross, with the American interest in statistics, reassures us of Newman's relative importance by a reference to the *National Dictionary of Biography* (*sic*), which devotes twenty columns, we learn, to Newman, thirteen and a half to Manning, and only twelve to poor Kingsley—who surely deserves more if only for having provoked the autobiography !

But if the general reader, unless he be a devout Catholic, is likely to groan at this tedious intepretation of Newman's religious views, and to lose sight of those qualities which earned him so many friends, he should turn to Father Tristram's book. The author has set out, in chronological order, the dedications of Newman's works ; and has written short accounts of the relationship between him and each of the friends thus remembered. The Cardinal numbered among the benefits of a temporal life "blessings of friends," and certainly no man had a more loyal or devoted following. His simplicity and transparent honesty offended only against the worldliness and intrigue of the higher dignitaries of the Church. But that he had the traditional mildness of the dove is erroneous. He could be fierce for his religion.

LOOKING BACK AT 1933

Of GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD. Mr. Mumby wrote in his book, " Publishing and Bookselling " :— *" In proportion to its size the firm of George Allen & Unwin has probably done more than any other to add to the common stock of knowledge."* Here is a selection from our 1933 publications.

On International Affairs

LENINISM (Vol. 2). By JOSEPH V. STALIN. 12s. 6d.
" Of the utmost value."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE
By C. K. WEBSTER. 10s.
" A fine example of the modern type of history text-book."—*The Times.*

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE
By SIR ARTHUR SALTER. 7s. 6d.
" A book of great value."—*Economist.*

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT
By M. J. BONN. Translated by MABEL BRAILSFORD. 10s. 6d.
" Brilliant analysis of the driving forces in American history."—*New Statesman.*

On India

INDIA—WHAT NOW?
By N. GANGULEE. 7s. 6d.
" A thoughtful book written from a new angle."—*Aberdeen Press.*

THE INDIAN THEATRE
By R. K. YAJNIK. 10s.
" A valuable piece of scholarship."—*John o' London's Weekly.* " Written with a thorough mastery of his subject."—*Truth.*

RENASCENT INDIA
By H. C. E. ZACHARIAS. 10s. 6d.
" A work of high value." — *Spectator* (Edward Thompson).

THE HINDU VIEW OF ART
By MULK RAJ ANAND. With Introductory Essay and Drawing by ERIC GILL. Illustrated. 8s. 6d.
" The clearest exposition of the subject that I have ever read."—*Listener.*

Psychology

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS TO-DAY
Edited by SANDOR LORAND. 18s.
" A bird's-eye view of the field that psycho-analysis seeks to cover."—*Nature.*

THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS
By SIGMUND FREUD.
Translated by A. A. BRILL. With new Foreword by Professor FREUD. *Third Edition. Twelfth Impression* 18s.

Theology and Philosophy

LIFE OF JESUS By MAURICE GOGUEL.
Translated by Olive Wyon. 25s.
" Both illuminating and impressive."—*Spectator.*

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY IN RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE
By T. HYWEL HUGHES. 10s. 6d.
" Luminous and profoundly interesting."—*British Weekly.*

THE CONCEPTION OF GOD IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF AQUINAS
By R. L. PATTERSON. 21s.
" Will be indispensable to more serious students." —*Times Literary Supplement.*

COUNTER ATTACK FROM THE EAST
By C. E. M. JOAD. 7s. 6d.
" Very remarkable book."—*News Chronicle.*

Home Affairs

THE FARM AND THE NATION
By Sir E. JOHN RUSSELL. 7s. 6d.
" An agricultural classic."—*Field.*

BRITAIN HOLDS ON, 1917-1918
By CAROLINE E. PLAYNE. 15s.
" Of real value . . . to the historian of the future."—*Manchester Guardian.*

BRITISH PUBLIC UTILITIES
By MARSHALL E. DIMOCK. 10s. 6d.
" Directs attention to some questions of the very first importance."—*The Listener.*

DEMOCRACY IN CRISIS
By H. J. LASKI. *Second Impression.* 7s. 6d.
" A very impressive book."—*New Statesman.*

Science

WHERE IS SCIENCE GOING?
By MAX PLANCK.
Introduction and Epilogue by ALBERT EINSTEIN.
Second Impression. 7s. 6d.
" A very important book."—*Church Times.*

SCIENCE IN THE CHANGING WORLD
By BERTRAND RUSSELL, JULIAN HUXLEY, J. B. S. HALDANE, etc.
Second Impression. 6s.
" Packed with stimulating matter."—*Journal of Education.*

Biography

MY LIFE AND THOUGHT
By ALBERT SCHWEITZER. *Third Impression. Illustrated.* 10s. 6d.
" A spiritual Aeneid or Odyssey."—*The Times.*

THE TRAGEDY OF TOLSTOY
By COUNTESS ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY.
Illustrated. 15s.
" An important addition to our knowledge of Tolstoy." —*Sunday Referee.*

Economics

ECONOMIC ESSAYS IN HONOUR OF GUSTAV CASSEL By Sir JOSIAH STAMP, and Others. 30s.
" Of great value to all serious students of economics." —*Nottingham Guardian.*

A CRITIQUE OF THE GOLD STANDARD By H. L. PUXLEY. 10s. 6d.
" Scholarly. . . . Particularly clear and informative."—*Financial Times.*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

With the Catholic Church he held it "better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse." But the fanatical enthusiasm of his belief is not examined by Father Tristram, so that the charming intimacies of his private life create the impression (which is, on the whole, correct) that Newman was a very lovable, gentle human being.

RICHARD STRACHEY

PHILOSOPHIES OF MATHEMATICS

The Nature of Mathematics. By MAX BLACK. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.

There are at the present time three main rival philosophic theories of the nature of mathematics—the *Logistic* theory, which is most popular in England, and *Formalism* and *Intuitionism*, which flourish on the Continent. The intention of this book is to expound, in a manner which will be understood by the student who has not a great deal of knowledge of mathematics and mathematical philosophy, the main contentions of these three rival theories, and so give a general review of the field of mathematical philosophy as it exists to-day. A book of this character has been needed in this country for some time: for although it is possible in English to read many lucid accounts of the Logistic point of view the English student finds much difficulty in gathering information about Formalism or Intuitionism.

The main differences between the three schools are that (1) Logistic seeks to deduce the whole body of mathematics from logic, and in doing so attempts to define all mathematical notions in terms which are ultimately purely logical—in terms of such ideas as Class, One-one Relation, Series, etc. This means that in deducing mathematics from logic, Logistic also *interprets* mathematical ideas, gives a particular meaning or interpretation to mathematical theorems. (2) Formalism rejects the attempts to deduce mathematics from logic, and also to interpret mathematics. It treats mathematics purely as a form of operation with symbols, with marks on paper. Starting off with certain "axioms," to which no meaning is attached, Formalism gives rules for "deducing" "theorems" from these "axioms," to which "theorems" no meaning is attached either. If a meaning nevertheless *can* be given to the "axioms" and "theorems," Formalism states that that has nothing to do with mathematics as such. (3) Intuitionism again denies the possibility of working out a purely "formal" calculus, of the sort attempted by the Formalists, and holds that mathematics is founded upon a fundamental "pure intuition" of the series of natural numbers, and that elements of "intuition" must be constantly entering into mathematics. Intuitionism also deals with the question of the "existence" of mathematical entities, and maintains that a mathematical entity can only be said to "exist" when some rule has been given for "constructing" it.

Mr. Black devotes almost three-quarters of his book to an exposition of the Logistic point of view. His account of the fundamental ideas of the Logistic philosophy—of variables and propositional functions, of "incomplete symbols," to the logico-mathematical paradoxes, of the idea of infinity—is clear, and, containing several original points, is a useful contribution to the subject. But he does not deal sufficiently thoroughly with the definition of *cardinal number*, and with the question (fundamental for Logistic as for all other mathematical philosophy) of the "arithmetising" of mathematics, by the definition of the *real numbers* in terms of the natural numbers.

The Logistic system very early came to grief over this question. The investigation of the Logico-Mathematical Paradoxes (awkward contradictions which arise from the incautious use of the ideas of class, series, function, etc.) led Russell to propound, in the Introduction to *Principia Mathematica*, his Theory of Logical Types, which was designed to avoid these contradictions. Unhappily, the Theory of Types made it impossible for him to deduce the properties of the real numbers from those of the natural numbers without the help of a purely arbitrary and very dubious axiom, known as the Axiom of Reducibility. Owing to his inadequate treatment of the definition of real number, and of the Theory of Types, Mr. Black does not explain sufficiently clearly the significance of the Paradoxes, and of the Axiom of Reducibility, in the Logistic system. Nevertheless, he makes some interesting comments on some of the consequences of the Axiom of Reducibility, and on the connection of the Paradoxes with the difficulties centring about the idea of infinity.

At the end of the exposition of Logistic there is some valuable material on the work of Ramsey, Weyl (before he became an Intuitionist), Wittgenstein and Chwistek.

The sections on Formalism and Intuitionism are very short, and it is a pity that Mr. Black could not see his way to writing a somewhat longer book which would have dealt more fully with these two systems. In the space which he gives, however, he succeeds in making these systems far clearer than they appear in other English comments on them.

Mr. Black criticises each of the systems he expounds. The criticism of Logistic is not very clear, and seems insufficiently elaborated. He rejects the Russellian conception of the "actual infinite," and maintains the charge of circularity against the definition of cardinal number, which was originally made by Poincaré and others. He accordingly denies the possibility of the deduction of mathematics from logic, which it was the aim of *Principia Mathematica* to effect; and endeavours to show that the illusion that this has been effected rests on a lack of precision in the fundamental ideas of Logistic.

He shows that the Formalist conception of an Axiomatic system produces the *Entscheidungsproblem*, i.e., the problem of showing that a given set of axioms will not lead to a contradiction; and a short section on the sensational *Gödel's Theorem*, which purports to prove that any proof that mathematics is free from contradictions itself leads to a contradiction, shows the great difficulties into which this problem has led the Formalists.

He appears to dislike, rather than to criticise, the Intuitionist conception of mathematics as based on a "kantian" intuition; and tends to maintain the usual objection to Intuitionism, that a system which leads to the rejection of many important theorems of analysis cannot be a satisfactory philosophy of mathematics.

Mr. Black reserves for a later occasion the business of showing how the difficulties which beset mathematical philosophers can be overcome. The object of this book was to show what the main systems are, and what are their peculiar difficulties. Despite the weaknesses mentioned, his book can be confidently recommended to those who wish to study some general review of the existing state of mathematical philosophy.

M. CORNFORTH

AN ELIZABETHAN ADVENTURER

Sir Anthony Sherley and His Persian Adventure. Edited by Sir E. DENISON ROSS. The Broadway Travellers. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

This volume contains a short biography of Sir Anthony Sherley, by Sir E. Denison Ross, and four contemporary accounts of Sir Anthony's journey into Persia—three of them by members of the expedition. The Persian episode was only the most exotic of a lively, varied, chronically unsuccessful career, and one would have liked more of Sir Anthony; his biographer seems to be taking the wrong line in suggesting that one's impression of his character "cannot be altogether favourable." On the contrary, he is amazingly good value. He exhibits in perfection that streak of the exaggerated and fantastic which appears to distinguish the whole race of Elizabethan adventurers, and even their adventures, as though their indifference to the truth and very vague notions of the plausible actually caused the limits of reality to recede in some way, and brought the world into conformity with their idea of it. Of course he had not the moral virtues: but it does not occur to one to connect him with them. His life was a series of grand schemes and rather sordid scrapes, beginning from the time when he was charged with treason for accepting the French Order of St. Michael. "I will not," said Queen Elizabeth, prophetically resenting this, "have my sheep marked with a strange brand, nor suffer them to follow the pipe of a strange shepherd": but this sheep was to make advances to some very strange shepherds before long. In 1598 he found himself stranded with a small company in Venice, having come out to fight for the Duke of Ferrara in a war which did not after all take place. Being thus at a loose end, and happening to strike up acquaintance with a Persian merchant, it occurred to him as a good scheme that he should take his little band to Persia, and persuade the Shah to negotiate an alliance with the Christian princes of Europe against the Turk. He actually did this, and got himself returned to Europe as the Shah's ambassador—in conjunction with a Persian, with whom he wrangled all the way. "They wish each other dead," said a French observer at the Papal court,

A SHORT HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND

by MILES F. DE MONTMORENCY

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY in the *New Statesman :* " It is just about as good as a handbook to English painting can be."

OSBERT BURDETT in *John O'London's Weekly:* " The reader who has studied him will have the essentials for visiting the Exhibition."

FRANK RUTTER in the *Sunday Times :* " It is comprehensive. The illustrations are clear and well chosen. The text is written with knowledge and good judgment."

SIR CHARLES HOLMES in the *Listener :* " The cheapest and handiest of the volumes [published for the English Exhibition]."

With Sixty Illustrations Six Shillings Prospectus post free

DESIGN FOR A STAIRCASE

GUY POCOCK'S NEW NOVEL

The new novel by the author of *Mrs. Clutterbuck Laughs* gives us a picture of life in a typical block of London flats. Witty and sympathetic, this delightful symphony in two tones will attract all readers who ask for deliberate and well-rounded artistry. *7s. 6d.*

WALTER RAYMOND'S WORKS

MEMORIAL EDITION

THE OBSERVER : " On a smaller scale he did for Somerset what Hardy did for Dorset, and what Mary Webb did for Shropshire."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN : " As an essayist he should hold his own without qualification. *The Book of Simple Delights* is worthy to stand beside Hudson's *A Traveller in Little Things.*"

L. A. G. STRONG in the *Spectator :* " The issue of this memorial edition is an act of piety such as my soul loves. Raymond's best work well merits preservation."

This edition will be completed in ten volumes. The following five are now ready : *The Life of Walter Raymond,* by Evelyn V. Clark, with *Somerset and her Folk Movement ; Gentleman Upcott's Daughter* with *In the Smoke of War ; Young Sam and Sabina* with *Tryphena in Love ; Two Men o' Mendip ;* and *The Book of Simple Delights.* A prospectus may be had on request.

Five Shillings per Volume.

J. M. DENT & SONS LTD., BEDFORD STREET, W.C.2

" unless they are taking us all in. Perhaps someone may be found who shall tell them that since they, being but two and sent by the same Prince on the same mission, cannot agree between themselves, they will find it difficult to bring about a union of so many Christian Princes and others." In fact, the embassy petered out half-way, and Anthony drifted at last into the service of Spain, where he began well, as General of the Mediterranean Fleet, but sunk with time into an obscure pensioner, " a very poor man, much neglected, sometimes like to starve for want of bread " —but " as full of vanity as ever he was, making himself believe that he shall one day be a great Prince, though for the present he wants shoes to wear." This seems the appropriate end for a swaggering survival of the Great Age.

Of the three first-hand accounts of the Persian journey two are English : the third (given in translation) is by a Frenchman, Abel Pinçon, who was Sir Anthony's steward. All three cover pretty nearly the same ground ; but it is strange what an air of credibility and reasonableness pervades Pinçon's narrative, compared with the other two ; how much more modern he appears in his attitude and sense of humour, and how much more intelligent in his observations. Of course the Englishmen, Parry and Manwaring, had an axe to grind ; they wanted to set their expedition in the best light, and they are very strong on the favour shown to Sir Anthony—Manwaring indeed adds to this the Shah's peculiar and flattering predilection for himself. But apart from that, one reads them both with a strong disposition to incredulity. They seem to travel through a rich and strange country—" the land of the jeweller and the unicorn "—on the borders between fact and fiction : they assimilate experiences rather as they assimilate proper names. (We hear with delight of " a place worth the noting called Hitherbagg, where there did inhabit a king called by the name of the King of Hitherbagg.") They create a poetic atmosphere, lacking in Pinçon's narrative. Something may be due to style, of course ; but Pinçon has nothing like William Parry's tale of the Augustinian friar who came to Sir Anthony at the Shah's court, giving out that he was the last King of Portugal's brother, and Procurator-General of the East Indies, and demanding to be associated with this embassy ; and how Sir Anthony received him with open arms, and " dislodged his own brother to lodge him " ; and how when he had " waded somewhat too far with this execrable friar," he found out that he had been completely taken in : with an account of the " friggot's " subsequent iniquitous doings, and mysterious but cautionary fate. All this is in the region of pure farce, so that it is surprising to find from other accounts that the friar really existed, and that Anthony was popularly supposed to have made away with him.

They came back through Russia, and Pinçon has a longish and very interesting account of that journey. After all, in some ways completely superficial books of travel are the best. The traveller unhampered by intimacy with the country, or much previous information, sees only what is immediately striking, that is, really individual ; and, aesthetically at least, that is what matters. Sir Anthony's companions have this peculiar simplicity and vividness : but one wishes it had occurred to them to keep a diary.

K. JOHN

TWO PHYSICIANS

Lettsom : His Life, Times, Friends and Descendants. By JAMES JOHNSTON ABRAHAM. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Dr. Salter of Tolleshunt D'Arcy : His Diary and Reminiscences, 1849-1932. Compiled by J. O. THOMPSON, O.B.E., with an appreciation by the EARL OF LONSDALE. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

John Coakley Lettsom was one of the odder products of English expansion—a Creole Quaker. Born in an obscure West Indian island in 1744, he was sent at a tender age to be educated in England and, when the time of choosing a career came, chose medicine, which was a good thing, for he was able to count on the fostering care of the greatest man in the profession, John Fothergill, who was a fellow sectary. He returned to the West Indies to practice, but stayed not long, for the rapidity with which he made money even there convinced him that his talents needed a wider scope. So presently he was back in London, with a well-filled purse in his pocket and a shrewd plan of campaign in his head. He walked the London hospitals, went to Edinburgh to pick up what he could from Cullen, extended his studies to the Continent and, after flitting from one medical school to another, finally graduated M.D. at Leyden. Then he was ready to begin in London under Fothergill's patronage with the prospect of stepping into Fothergill's shoes. Which, having in the meantime married a rich wife, in due course he did, and Oh, dem golden slippers ! Lettsom became the fashionable physician *par excellence*. For many years he enjoyed an income such as no medical man had ever had before and, allowance being made for the changed value of money, no medical man probably has ever had since. It was usually in the near neighbourhood of £10,000 a year and even reached £12,000.

In fairness it must be said that he spent his money unselfishly, even to his hurt, and that he was by no means a bad doctor. But it is difficult to discern anything in his services to medicine that can justify the enthusiasm that has driven Dr. Abraham to compile his terribly ponderous memorial. It comprehends, not only all that is known about Lettsom, but copious particulars of his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, and a minutely particular clinical report of the course, treatment, and fatal termination of Dr. Fothergill's prostatitis. There is even a long appendix on the authorship and variants of the doggerel epigram which alone has kept Lettsom's name alive to later generations :

> When any sick to me apply
> I physics, bleeds and sweats 'em :
> If afterwards they choose to die—
> Why, verily—I Lettsom.

This humble effort is said (probably rightly) to have been the work of Lord Chancellor Erskine, who was so pleased with it that he turned it into Greek elegiacs that are no better than the original. Dr. Abraham thinks it is a libel, for that Lettsom was not a drastic bleeder, and even if he had been—well, bleeding may be out of fashion, but there is a lot to be said for it. For the rest, Lettsom founded the London Medical Society and the Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate. On the latter score Dr. Abraham claims him as the pioneer of modern nature therapy, which even a layman may, with all respect, crave leave to doubt. There is a good chapter on eighteenth-century quackery, against which Lettsom waged a vigorous, but unlucky, warfare. There were envious rivals who said things about Satan reproving sin. If any positive contribution to medicine can be claimed for Lettsom it is that he seems to have been the first to describe peripheral neuritis

FINE COGNAC—

AGED in wood. The perfect Brandy. The finest Liqueur. Even the glasses reflect the shadow of the cask in which 'Cordon Bleu' is matured for 35 years.

MARTELL'S
CORDON BLEU

Non-Professional Journalism.

By EDWARD ANTON

TO a much greater extent than formerly, the world of journalism may be divided into two spheres: that of the staff, or strictly professional, journalists, and that of "free-lance" (unattached) contributors to the Press.

It is with the latter that I am here concerned. Writing for the Press—either fiction or articles—has become something more than a pleasing hobby for a number of people with spare time on their hands. It has become a definitely dependable source of additional income, of which most people are very glad to-day.

"Free-lance" journalism presents a really wide and attractive field for those who have some aptitude for writing and who have acquired a sufficient knowledge of Press *technique* to be able to present their ideas, themes, or plots in printable form.

Many fantastic stories of "fortunes" earned by the pen have been broadcast, resulting in disappointment and loss to many would-be writers who have no kind of qualification for "the writing game." That, however, does not detract from the fact that, given a natural aptitude for writing, and a willingness to undergo a short period of practical instruction at the hands of an experienced and competent teacher, a very useful spare-time income can be made by contributing to the columns of the 4,000 journals and magazines which are published in the British Isles, nearly all of which depend to an extent upon "free-lance" contributors to fill their pages.

The London School of Journalism has done eminently useful and successful work in training (by correspondence) those who are desirous of earning by the pen. It is a properly organised and authentic school of journalistic instruction which has produced many "star" writers of to-day—writers whose work appears in all the leading journals and newspapers of the Empire. Many contributions to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are from such sources, and magazines of the high standing of *Blackwood*, the *Fortnightly* and *Nineteenth Century*, as well as all the principal dailies and weeklies, regularly publish contributions by those who have benefited by an L.S.J. training. Quite a number of them, in fact, discovering a special liking for Press work, have secured important staff positions on the chief London dailies.

There are doubtless many NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers who are conscious of a desire to write (and possibly conscious, too, of a latent literary ability), but who have not hitherto essayed anything either in journalism or fiction.

To such, I recommend a plan which has proved serviceable in many other instances and which, incidentally, costs nothing. It is that any reader desirous of ascertaining, in the first place, whether he has sufficient natural ability to justify hopes of success after a short period of training should send a brief M.S. (story, essay, or article) to the School. Upon this, Sir Max Pemberton (the Director of Studies) will base an opinion of the writer's possibilities and will advise accordingly.

It is really a very simple and practical way of discovering whether one is likely to develop literary success, and, as I say, it involves the enquirer in no expense and places him under no obligation. At the same time, it gives him the advantage of possessing an opinion from one who is admittedly among the most brilliant journalists of the century and who has been instrumental in piloting many a beginner to a success which, but for the assistance received from the School, might never have been attainable.

EDWARD ANTON.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The work of the London School of Journalism has been reviewed and commented upon by many prominent journals. The following may be taken as typical of the opinion of the L.S.J. held by the Press generally.

THE "SPECTATOR" says:—

"It was, I believe, a realisation of this need for training capable and well-educated men and women to hold the many responsible positions that have to be filled in modern newspaper offices that induced Lord Northcliffe to assist in founding the London School of Journalism. Having been allowed to examine its work in practice, I can only envy those who have received such sympathetic and highly-skilled instruction in their early efforts. The series of lessons go far to make clear what each journalist should aim at; but the most valuable part of the training is the very full and candid opinion that is given upon everything that is submitted."

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" says:—

"Literary ability is often manifested in the early days of a child's schooling. Properly fostered, and accompanied by the temperamental capacity and ambition essential to such a career, this ability may usefully be directed along the path of journalism. The London School of Journalism refuses to encourage the idea that everybody and anybody can become a successful journalist, but the sound and practical tuition it gives is of inestimable benefit to people whose natural talents and inclinations—maybe unsuspected by themselves—require only the guidance of experienced journalists to introduce them to one of the most interesting professions in the world. This institution has been the training ground of many men and women whose names are prominent to-day as authors and journalists."

THE "MORNING POST" says:—

"A reliable journalistic school can make the untrained writer's road easy for him. . . . The London School of Journalism is not an institution of irresponsible growth. It was founded, under the ægis of the late Lord Northcliffe, with the object of teaching the would-be journalist how to write, and so to save the time and patience of harassed editors and sub-editors. The Director of Studies is Sir Max Pemberton, who has a staff of assistants scarcely less experienced than himself in the journalistic world. Instruction from such a source is, of course, priceless; and the success of the teaching methods is proved."

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

Telephone: Museum 4574.

Founded under the direct patronage of the late LORD NORTHCLIFFE and personally conducted by SIR MAX PEMBERTON.

PATRONS:

The Rt. Hon the Lord Beaverbrook.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Riddell.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Dalziel.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Camrose
Sir Frank Newnes, Bt.
Sir George Sutton, Bt.
Sir Ernest Benn, Bt.
Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A., Litt.D.
Cecil Harmsworth, Esq.
Newman Flower, Esq.

The Courses (which include JOURNALISM, FREE-LANCE JOURNALISM, SHORT STORY WRITING and PROSE-WRITING) are all given by correspondence, supplemented, when desirable, by personal interviews. *The instruction is entirely in the hands of well-known and successful journalists and novelists.*

FREE ADVICE.

Sir Max Pemberton is always willing to advise would-be students as to their chances of success and the particular course of study in which they should engage. He will be helped in his judgment if the applicant can forward some short manuscript upon which an opinion can be based. No fee is charged for this advice.

The Enquiry Bureau,
The London School of Journalism,
57, Gordon Square, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sir

Please send me free and post free the new and enlarged Prospectus of the London School of Journalism, together with particulars of the Prizes open to new students.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

46.....
(Please write plainly.)

NOTE.—If this coupon is sent in an OPEN envelope only ½d. stamp is required.

as symptomatic of chronic alcoholism. He was an advocate of temperance without bigotry. Wine and beer, even strong beer, were wholesome and helpful, but a wise man will avoid spirits before breakfast.

The fashionable practitioner is worthless as a representative of the *ethos* of the medical profession. For that we must look to the country G.P.—" the man in the gig," as Sir Frederick Treves once described him—to whom even the idols of the operating and lecture theatres must yield place. Dr. Salter of Tolleshunt D'Arcy, in the county of Essex, was one of the greatest of the type that ever lived. More than half of the book that Mr. Thompson has compiled consists of selections from the diary that Dr. Salter kept from his eleventh year until his death in 1932. The first entry, " Father died at Arundel," is followed a week or two later by a very characteristic one, the introduction of the theme, so to speak —" Jan. 5th, 1851.—Went out shooting with a bow and arrow." You can follow the boy with the bow and arrow, who changed very little until the day in the spring of 1932, when he made in his diary the simple entry " Bad," and then died as cheerfully as he had lived. What strikes one most is the man's marvellous capacity for adjustment to rapidly changing conditions, so that spiritually he never really grew old; for the essence of youth is the capacity to live in the present and be puzzled by the past. For example, when over eighty years of age, Dr. Salter records his mild, but unfeigned, astonishment that women should ever have worn such garments as he found in an old trunk filled with his mother's belongings. And yet he could remember when his mother wore them. For the greater part of his professional life he was a " man in the gig," but when the man in the gig became the man in the car the old doctor accepted the change as a matter of course and could trundle his car over the Essex roads as unconcernedly and with as much knowledge of ignition, acceleration and petrol consumption as any young whipper-snapper fresh from the schools. What his quality as a doctor was it is difficult to judge exactly, for most of the professional entries in his diary have for obvious reasons been omitted. We may assume that, like most country G.P.s, he was a pretty good one who knew how to take his profession seriously without taking it tragically. Apart from his profession his main interests were Freemasonry (in which he reached high rank), dogs (of which he was a judge of European reputation), and pugilism (of which he was rather more than an amateur in his student days).

The entries in Salter's diary are nearly always short, but he can get a lot of vivacity into two or three lines. Here is one of 1859, in his early student days, which might have been written by Mr. Bob Sawyer :

> Made some amalgam. Drew a couple of teeth—found a swell dodge for doing the thing.

(To appreciate the horror of this passage one must understand that dental forceps were not in vogue then. Teeth were drawn by means of an engine too gruesome to be described. And there were no local anaesthetics.) But the best of his diary comes when he is long past three score and ten. Quotation is not easy, for the effect is cumulative—the rapid succession of lively shots like these :

> [*Aet.* 85, of his sister lately deceased]. She spent her life in doing good and writing letters—and keeping everything!
>
> [*Aet.* 87.].—Felt seedy, so stuck to the sheets all day and wondered who would win the Cesarewitch.

Dr. Salter was (as the country G.P. is expected to be) a staunch Conservative, and loved a hard-fought election, but his diary never shows a trace of party rancour. It may be doubted if he had any real political convictions. We find him complaining at the age of eighty-four of the ignominy of having to send out bills, which used to upset his nervous system and give him toothache, and being so annoyed about it that he blurts out the revolutionary notion that " we ought to be paid by the State." At the age of eighty-three he records his admiration of Hindenburg—possibly on the principle of *Arcades ambo*.

The Reminiscences that make up the rest of the volume are not so good as the diary, because they were deliberately composed as reminiscences, which always makes an old man self-conscious. But there are good notes on Jem Mace and other old pugs, and several little pictures of the Dickensian England—a vital but ugly place, about which Dr. Salter had no romantic illusions. He had known it.

DONALD CARSWELL

PATRICK MACGILL

Author of "The Rat Pit"

Patrick MacGill, whose verse and prose have charmed readers the world over, has just completed a new novel in which he again brings into play those fine qualities which have made his work famous. In this book, his picture of Maggie, the millêr's daughter, is a quite remarkable achievement.

TULLIVER'S MILL

7/6 *net*

(*Published last Wednesday*)

HERBERT JENKINS LTD.

NATIONAL WORKSHOPS

The National Workshops. By DONALD COPE MCKAY. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Ph.D. system in American universities has often been the subject of ridicule; and no doubt its excesses are proof, as in British universities also, of an academic pedantry which is inexcusable. But every so often it leads to the production of a book which makes a definite landmark in the study of its subject; and the disposition to attack a method of training built upon the devotion to research of the energies of some thousands of students, most of whom have no natural aptitude for it, should be tempered by a recollection of the more creative adventures it has made possible.

To this select class Mr. McKay's book belongs. It is the only serious work upon an important subject in English; it is based upon a remarkably full study of the evidence; and it combines not only a typical American energy with a really interesting style but also shows a grasp of the issues involved which only two or three previous French studies have displayed. No one who wants to understand the French Revolution of 1848 should neglect Mr. McKay's account of its most significant experiment.

He makes it clear that the failure was not due to any inherent error in the idea that a government can provide work for the unemployed in times of economic distress. The failure was due to the fact that, from the outset, the government never intended it to succeed. The experiment was embarked upon rashly and without adequate preparation of any kind. No serious effort was made either to think out works of serious utility the workshops could undertake or to relate the type of man engaged to any possible effort he might have to undertake. The scheme was simply a form of maintenance, unwillingly accepted by ministers who did not believe in it, but who did not feel strong enough in the first days of the Revolution to resist the presence of distress. The director of the workshops was a second-rate careerist; the originator of the scheme, Louis Blanc, had little influence with his ministerial colleagues, and no talent for the kind of administrative energy a revolution requires; while the workers them-

. . . The cause —

of Bourn-vita's POWER *to give you* BETTER SLEEP

Drink a cup of Bourn-vita *to-night* at bedtime! To-morrow you will want to know *the cause* of this better sleep you have enjoyed—of this new sense of morning well-being with which it has inspired you. *Why* is Bourn-vita able to do so much *more* for you than those other bedtime food-drinks you have tried?

One of the causes of Bourn-vita's superiority over other food-drinks is its unusual richness in "diastase" (diastase is a natural digestive found in malt). There is proof of this superiority in the adjoining panel.

The soothing effect of a cup of Bourn-vita at bedtime and the refreshing sleep which follows are due to several causes, one of which is the presence of the diastase, which *relieves your digestion of overwork*. The feeling of far, far greater fitness in the morning is the outcome of the wonderful "energy nourishment" which Bourn-vita's choice ingredients provide. *Just because* you are able to sleep, undisturbed by nervous restlessness or digestive discomforts, your system is left free to absorb every atom of the concentrated goodness in this splendid scientific combination of British malt, fresh milk, new laid eggs and chocolate.

Start drinking Bourn-vita at Bedtime to-night.

DIASTASE PROVES BOURN-VITA'S SUPERIORITY

Bourn-vita is very rich in diastase and the diastase in Bourn-vita is *fully effective in the conditions of acidity prevailing in any normal digestive system.* This has been proved by both laboratory and clinical tests. The clinical tests have proved that Bourn-vita enables your body to digest *and use* 15 per cent. more of the nourishment of the carbohydrates which form so large a part of your ordinary food. The digestibility and "digestive power" of a food-drink largely determine its ability to help you to sleep and increase your energies. And Bourn-vita's great effectiveness is due, to a large extent, to this unique "digestive power" conferred upon it by its unusually high diastase-content.

We will send proof of the above to any doctor on request. Ask to see it.

CADBURY'S

BOURN-VITA

for sleep and energy

¼ lb. 9d. ½ lb. 1/5

WEIGHT GUARANTEED

selves were merely a pawn in a wider struggle of which they never grasped any of the implications. By receiving pay without labour for some months, they were immobilised in the conflict which led to the grim days of June, and thus assured, however unconsciously, the defeat of the proletariat at the barricades. Once this had been effected, the idea of the workshops had no further value for the government; and they were disbanded with most of the vague social schemes which revolutionary enthusiasm had suggested when Louis Philippe was overthrown. But the June days were not forgotten; they help to explain why the Commune was possible a quarter of a century later.

Mr. McKay has told his story in graphic detail, and with a power of handling complicated evidence which merits high praise. He conveys admirably the sense of confusion and malevolence which marks the whole experiment, the poverty of thought which went into the organisation, the real possibilities of constructive effort which were thrown away. A special word of recognition should be given to the full and excellent critical bibliography. It is good to see a competent specialist say incisively what needed to be said of works on the subject which, like the well-known essay of Sir J. A. R. Marriott, have hitherto passed in England as something more than the irrelevance they are.

HAROLD J. LASKI

ERSATZ

Unrecorded Histories. By CHARLES RICKETTS. *Martin Secker.* 21*s.*

As a painter Charles Ricketts was in the tradition of the clever pasticheurs who, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, covered the walls and ceilings of Italian churches and palaces from Amalfi to Milan with superficial sanctities and elegant heroics. His touch was heavier than theirs. He was not a Luca Giordano. He was very far from being a Tiepolo. Had he been born in time he might have passed for a not unskilful follower of the Carracci. But the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution intervened between the eighteen-nineties and a splendour which, however superficial, had not been wholly divorced from art. Elegant conformity was no longer valid in religious art and profane splendour had declined into splendaciousness. Ricketts's painting seems empty, his stage decorations for some of Mr. Yeats's early plays and for Mr. Shaw's *Saint Joan* were inanimate. Without true originality, being no more than a very erudite academician, he was unable to recreate the vital tradition. Only the miracle of genius enables artists to achieve feats like that. Look at Ricketts's *Don Juan* in the Tate Gallery and then try to imagine what he would have done with *The Three Cornered Hat* had he been invited to decorate it. Any splendour he gave it would have been a matter of costly looking accessories. For he was unimaginative, a learned artisan rather than an artist, a cultivated aesthete rather than a creator.

His writing is very like his painting. This gilt-edged little volume includes eight sketches, six of which have illustrations in what might be described as an eclectic style. The characters all belong to exalted circles, gods and heroes, kings and queens of antiquity, artists of Renaissance Italy and Imperial France. In one there is a collation of

> wines in which the captive light rose to leap to the lips, fruits of every season preserved in liquid honey, and scarlet pods from India which have a taste like living fire.

In another there is a dish of "fig-eating birds cooked in honey." There are no pomegranates but there are poisoned peaches. There is an ancient queen who bathes in asses' milk and feeds a pet elephant with cakes from a silver basket. There is a modern courtesan who smokes pink cigarettes and whose skin is so like cream that "one could eat it with a spoon."

And there are some cynical trivialities of thought to eke out this Chu Chin Chowish gorgeousness. Thus,

> . . . when new the Parthenon must have looked like a money box.

And, again:

> Love is a name we give to many things, generally to a pleasant physical duologue of very little interest save to those concerned.

If there should still be people sufficiently detached from the problems of the present-day world to be interested in such *fin de siécle* reactions to the more solemn vulgarity of the Victorian era, they need go no farther. This is the book for them. T. McG.

THE MECCA *of* CONNOISSEURS *of* RECORDED MUSIC

NOWHERE can the Connoisseur of recorded music make such a full choice of the world's best music by the world's greatest artists as at Imhof House. Recognised as the premier house—possessing the vastest stocks and offering highly efficient service on all gramophone music, Imhof House enjoys the patronage of those who demand the best—in records, in service, in expert advice. For rare records, for the latest releases of foreign records, for the records of all the famous makers, visit Imhof House. If you cannot call send particulars of your needs. Prompt and careful attention given to every enquiry.

Have you heard these records?

BEETHOVEN. **Sonata in F Major (Spring).** Busch and Serkin. Three 12" records, DB.1970-1-2. **6/-** each.

CESAR FRANCK. **Quartet in D Major.** Pro Arte Quartet. Six 12" records, DB.2051-2-3-4-5-6. **6/-** each.

CHAUSSON. **Poeme, Op. 25.** Yehudi Menuhin with Orchestre Symphonique de Paris. Two 12" records, DB.1961-2. **6/-** each.

MOZART. **Symphony No. 41 (K551) "Jupiter."** B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra cond. by Boult. Four 12" records, DB.1966-7-8-9. **6/-** each.

BRUCKNER. **Scherzo from "Youth" Symphony in D Minor.** Berlin State Orchestra cond. by Zaun. **Scherzo from Symphony No. 3 in D Minor.** Vienna Symphony Orchestra cond. by Konrath. One 12" record, EH.844. **4/-.**

TITO SCHIPPA (Tenor). **Mu! Mu! (Moo! Moo!) (De Angelis Bellini). Aimant la Rose, le Rossignol (Rimsky-Korsakov)** with Orchestra of La Scala, Milan. One record, DA.1323. **4/-.**

ALFRED IMHOF Ltd.
IMHOF HOUSE,
112-116, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1
Telephone: Museum 5944 (4 lines).

HARRIS OF THE *TIMES*

East Again. By WALTER B. HARRIS. *Thornton Butterworth.* 18*s.*

A travel book, of course; but with a difference. It is not that you would never guess its author had been the friend of Edward VII and Lord Birkenhead, for he never mentions Viceroy Lord This and Governor Sir James That; nor even that he preferred to walk with the muleteers of the caravan and to travel third class in Japan. There have been other originals before now. No, it is that nobody else took with him, when seeing the Far East for the first time, such a background of racial and political experience, such a lifetime of reflection.

Those of us who work there come straight from school; those of us who merely go out for the healthy season realise, if we are wise, that we are tourists, and refrain from expression. But Harris, when the *Times* sent him on the eighteen months' journey described in this book, had already spent four decades observing men and taking part in affairs from the Yemen to Fez. He spoke Spanish almost as well as French, and Arabic so much better than either that he was one of the few Europeans who have ever really succeeded in passing as a native. He had been Raisuli's prisoner and faced more than one murderous Moslem mob; and he had watched, with something approaching fascination—indeed he had helped to mould—the development of that Indirect Administration which, at least under Lyautey, the French applied to the races of North Africa.

When a man like this tells us some home truths about India we may not like it, but we listen. In conversation he once described India as a nightmare. He is gentler in print, but the meaning is the same: the squalor and futility of 353 million people amongst whom our purity is that of an icicle, our impartiality that of aliens equally out of touch with all sides, and our manners, even when correct, an inevitable offence. The Reform Scheme will solve nothing, it will not bring the people prosperity or happiness, but at least it will bring them satisfaction, and that is more than they possess to-day.

Jerusalem and Damascus, Iraq and Persia, India, Burma and the Shan States, China, Manchuria and Korea, Japan, Formosa,

THE BUSINESS OF ADVERTISEMENT COPYWRITING

● This company is always pleased to hear from young men and women interested in advertising or, more specifically, in the writing of advertisements. This is because the business is growing and every opportunity is taken to add to the human resources devoted to its work for its present clients.

● It is intended here to give a brief outline of the Company's requirements and methods, so that those who are interested will be able to decide whether they are likely to be happy in its service, and whether their qualifications are adequate and relevant.

● The Company does the second largest volume of press advertising business in Great Britain, it serves more of the 40 largest press advertisers than any other agency and, on an international basis, is the largest agency in the world. Its charges to clients are somewhat higher than usual, and the scope of its services we hope greater. It concentrates its attention upon only 20 clients, most of whom are leaders in their field. Of its 152 employees all but three are British.

● At least 6 employees are assigned to each client; not less than two of these 6 are copywriters. They work in close touch with the two Managing Directors, one of whom is in charge of Creative work and the other of Marketing activities. Considerable preliminary fact-finding is carried out by the Marketing Department in co-operation with the Production Department before the latter officially starts its creative work on copy.

● The Chairman of the Company is in charge of copy-planning and writing. He is assisted by an Executive Copy Manager, a Chief Copy Man and a Chief Copy Woman. Copywriters are divided into five groups of two or more each. Each group includes a " Key-writer " who is responsible for the planning of the campaigns assigned to his group, as well as the writing of the key-copy and headlines, and works jointly with the Design Department on the main characteristics of the layout. The Key-writer is expected to get from his associate-writer as much and as responsible assistance as they together can manage. The division of work and responsibility is left flexible, and depends on the personalities and experience of the persons concerned. Each key-writer has had considerable experience in the Company's London office, and in some cases in other offices, before assuming the responsibilities of his position. The key-writer arranges co-operation with the other specialized departments whenever profitable.

● It often happens that copywriters with long experience in other agencies are not happy in this Company, and consequently not valuable to it, because they seem to have grown accustomed to regarding copy-writing as an end in itself rather than as one important factor among the many which together result in the effective use of advertising.

● Copy-writers of the Company work under conditions which make it possible *first* to be guided by all the facts affecting the client's position with the trade and with the public, *second* to put on paper for consideration all practical ways of presenting the client's product to the public instead of concerning themselves only with the few that at first may appear best, and *third* to let their advertising proposals stand or fall upon results (and often upon local sales-tests before national commitments are made).

● There is considerable unavoidable routine and detail work subject to the discipline of a standard, but not standardized procedure. A co-operative spirit, a disinterested judgment, and a faculty for the brilliant intuitive expression of ideas are necessary for success.

● The wider and more intimate your knowledge and understanding of ordinary people; the more you know about merchandising and selling methods; the more you realize that copywriting is a technique of persuasion, involving work outside the office among men and women of every class, and among traders, rather than merely the writing down of words at a desk; the more you know about the technicalities of advertising production; and the more unwilling you are to write advertising for a product without having an adequate background of facts — the more likely you are to be of value here, and to make headway here.

● There is no position in this Company to which a person with these qualities may not reasonably aspire. Both in London and in New York the head of the business was, and still is, primarily a " copy " person.

● If you are interested in starting as an associate-writer in the J. Walter Thompson Company we shall welcome a letter from you. Please make it complete. Do not call or send bulky samples of your writing. Address " Copy Writer."

J. WALTER THOMPSON COMPANY LIMITED

INCORPORATED PRACTITIONERS IN ADVERTISING
BUSH HOUSE · ALDWYCH · LONDON · W.C.2

THE FIRST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

By **Louise Fargo Brown.** The figure of the first Earl of Shaftesbury has been pictured by Dryden as a villain, by Campbell as a chameleon, by Martyn, Kippis and Cooke as a superman, by Christie as a nineteenth-century gentleman, and by Traill as a deft climber. The aim of the present biography is to reveal the real man through a close following of the historical facts regarding his varied interests and activities. Illustrated **15/-**

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS ON THE ORIENT

By **F. R. Eldridge.** A frank and eloquent defence of the attitude of Japan in the controversy over Manchuria. The author speaks the language fluently and writes from first-hand knowledge of the Japanese people, having spent several years in Japan. Illustrated **10/6**

ADULT EDUCATION AND THE SOCIAL SCENE

By **Ruth Kotinsky.** This discussion of effective means for adult education emphasises the need of making the conditions of life in and of themselves more educative. **7/6**

FIAT MONEY INFLATION IN FRANCE

By **Andrew D. White.** A book of immediate and serious concern to everyone, to business men generally, and to all students of economics. It carefully records one of the most gigantic attempts in the world's history by a government to create an irredeemable currency and to maintain its circulation at various levels of value. **3/6**

THE YEARS OF PEACE

By **LeRoy MacLeod.** A narrative that moves at a leisurely pace, and as the reader follows the scene becomes familiar to him and the characters as intimate and personal as his own neighbours. **7/6**

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY,
34 BEDFORD STREET, LONDON.

THE GATES OF HELL

An Historical Novel of the Present Day

By ERIK V. KÜHNELT-LEDDIHN

7s. 6d. net

"A fine and memorable piece of work . . . extremely interesting both as story and manifesto."—RALPH STRAUS (*Sunday Times*).

"No early novel by Mr. John Buchan is as exciting as the account of the Catholic spy's experiences in Russia, for Mr. Buchan never had at his disposal the wit and vividness of this writer.—GRAHAM GREENE (*Spectator*).

NOW I SEE

By ARNOLD LUNN

7s. 6d. net

"Brilliant statement of Christian apologetics . . . always vivid and often entertaining."—C. E. M. JOAD (*Spectator*).

"His journey Romeward is intriguing, amusing . . . excites sympathetic interest."—(*Morning Post*).

"Eminently readable . . . topical and symptomatic."—(*Everyman*).

SHEED & WARD

and the South Sea Islands, the Philippines: he traverses them all, noting, with an insight and sympathy which borders on pity, how the awakening of the East has come to stay. It is the Chinese who chiefly attract him, and he even pleads for the struggling Republic at which most of us do little but sneer; its pretensions may be absurd, but it continues to exist, despite the welter of War Lords, and even, occasionally, to accomplish; here again, as in India, the stark realities of the soil are stronger than any political panacea. Writing at Jehol, however, he foresaw and welcomed the League of Nations verdict, though he failed to foresee how gratuitously Japan would flout it; and there, as in Formosa and the South Sea Islands, he has little but praise for Japanese administration; about its ultimate aims he is, doubtless of set purpose, silent.

This is only an indication of part of the book's contents; the other part, on the Near East, is his own chosen field, but there his work is better known and, in a way, less needed. Nor is it a sample, for Harris's manner as well as his matter is entirely his own. Even the tragic pages sparkle. He did not run to whole books; of his previous half-dozen, only one, *France, Spain and the Riff*, will live; he was better at dispatches and occasional articles, ever gayest when most grave; best of all in dealing with men. But this book makes one grateful that, before he died, a man of his calibre, for once, saw the Far East and left a record.

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION

The American Procession. By AGNES ROGERS and F. L. ALLEN. *Harpers.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No one who has a genuine affection for "pictures," in the illustrative as well as the decorative sense of the word, can afford to neglect this charming book. Miss Agnes Rogers has assembled from various sources a large number of photographs illustrating the development of American life in many phases since the year 1860. Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen, author of that absorbing chronicle, *Only Yesterday*, has supplied a few words of introduction to each plate, but for the most part he is content to let the pictures tell their own tale. Which they do, sometimes tragically—as, to take a modern example, in the contrasted portraits of Woodrow Wilson in 1913 and, broken and defeated, in 1921: sometimes melodramatically—as in the photograph of Mayor William J. Gaynor, a few seconds after he had been shot by a discharged employee: sometimes comically—as in the delicious pictures of forgotten chorus girls, heroines of the stage and pillars of fashion. It is noticeable that, considered as photographic compositions, the earlier photographs are not infrequently the best. A photograph of "the fashionable Mrs. Belmont," wife of the German-American banker, posed in an artificial snowstorm, with muff, fur tippet and floating veil, is all that such photographs should be. Magnificent, too, though in quite a different manner, are the productions of the celebrated Civil War photographer, Brady, the view of the Union forces at Yorktown, Virginia, being particularly splendid. In fact, whether as a collection of good photographs or as an historical and sociological picture-book, *The American Procession* is well worth its modest price. For anybody who combines a love of pictures with a philosophic interest in men and things, here is a book that would undoubtedly make a seasonable present.

SHORTER NOTICES

Carlyle and Hitler. By H. J. C. GRIERSON. *Cambridge University Press.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Grierson has made an interesting use of his Adamson Lecture, delivered at the University of Liverpool in 1930. By certain additions and alterations, and by changing the title from "Carlyle and the Hero," to that now taken, he has drawn attention to the appositeness of Carlyle's teaching to our present situation, and has done much to restore the reputation of Carlyle as a social philosopher, which had declined owing to the neglect of his warnings during a time of illusory security. As he points out, Carlyle was one of the first to urge, and with what force, that the only way to avoid disaster was to turn our attention from the problems of production to those of distribution. It was he who said also that in times of crisis, when such problems become urgent, the human heart turns in hope not to the illusory forms of democratic rule but to salvation by the Hero. Hitler, Mussolini, and many minor dictators display, in the decisive support which, contrary to all the dictates of liberal reasoning, they unquestionably obtain from their peoples, the truth of this thesis, even though, as a truth, it requires correlation with others. Professor Grierson has striven nobly to replace Carlyle in his rank of Hero as Prophet.

COLLET'S

Late Henderson's :—"The Bomb Shop"

THE POLITICAL BOOKSHOP

FOR "THE LEFT AND LEFT-CENTRE"*

"WE WISH COLLET'S EVERY SUCCESS"†

AN INDEPENDENT BOOK-SHOP DEALING IN ALL ADVANCED PUBLICATIONS

66 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON

Temple Bar 6306

Write
Phone
Visit

CALL **COLLET'S**

*Mr. GERALD BARRY on the readers of the *New Statesman and Nation and Week End Review.*

†THE EDITOR, *New Statesman and Nation*

THE FIRST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

By **Louise Fargo Brown.** The figure of the first Earl of Shaftesbury has been pictured by Dryden as a villain, by Campbell as a chameleon, by Martyn, Kippis and Cooke as a superman, by Christie as a nineteenth-century gentleman, and by Traill as a deft climber. The aim of the present biography is to reveal the real man through a close following of the historical facts regarding his varied interests and activities. Illustrated **15/-**

DANGEROUS THOUGHTS ON THE ORIENT

By **F. R. Eldridge.** A frank and eloquent defence of the attitude of Japan in the controversy over Manchuria. The author speaks the language fluently and writes from first-hand knowledge of the Japanese people, having spent several years in Japan. Illustrated **10/6**

ADULT EDUCATION AND THE SOCIAL SCENE

By **Ruth Kotinsky.** This discussion of effective means for adult education emphasises the need of making the conditions of life in and of themselves more educative. **7/6**

FIAT MONEY INFLATION IN FRANCE

By **Andrew D. White.** A book of immediate and serious concern to everyone, to business men generally, and to all students of economics. It carefully records one of the most gigantic attempts in the world's history by a government to create an irredeemable currency and to maintain its circulation at various levels of value. **3/6**

THE YEARS OF PEACE

By **LeRoy MacLeod.** A narrative that moves at a leisurely pace, and as the reader follows the scene becomes familiar to him and the characters as intimate and personal as his own neighbours. **7/6**

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY,
34 BEDFORD STREET, LONDON.

THE GATES OF HELL

An Historical Novel of the Present Day

By ERIK V. KÜHNELT-LEDDIHN

7s. 6d. net

"A fine and memorable piece of work . . . extremely interesting both as story and manifesto."—RALPH STRAUS (*Sunday Times*).

"No early novel by Mr. John Buchan is as exciting as the account of the Catholic spy's experiences in Russia, for Mr. Buchan never had at his disposal the wit and vividness of this writer.—GRAHAM GREENE (*Spectator*).

NOW I SEE

By ARNOLD LUNN

7s. 6d. net

"Brilliant statement of Christian apologetics . . . always vivid and often entertaining."—C. E. M. JOAD (*Spectator*).

"His journey Romeward is intriguing, amusing . . . excites sympathetic interest."—(*Morning Post*).

"Eminently readable . . . topical and symptomatic."—(*Everyman*).

SHEED & WARD

and the South Sea Islands, the Philippines: he traverses them all, noting, with an insight and sympathy which borders on pity, how the awakening of the East has come to stay. It is the Chinese who chiefly attract him, and he even pleads for the struggling Republic at which most of us do little but sneer; its pretensions may be absurd, but it continues to exist, despite the welter of War Lords, and even, occasionally, to accomplish; here again, as in India, the stark realities of the soil are stronger than any political panacea. Writing at Jehol, however, he foresaw and welcomed the League of Nations verdict, though he failed to foresee how gratuitously Japan would flout it; and there, as in Formosa and the South Sea Islands, he has little but praise for Japanese administration; about its ultimate aims he is, doubtless of set purpose, silent.

This is only an indication of part of the book's contents; the other part, on the Near East, is his own chosen field, but there his work is better known and, in a way, less needed. Nor is it a sample, for Harris's manner as well as his matter is entirely his own. Even the tragic pages sparkle. He did not run to whole books; of his previous half-dozen, only one, *France, Spain and the Riff*, will live; he was better at dispatches and occasional articles, ever gayest when most grave; best of all in dealing with men. But this book makes one grateful that, before he died, a man of his calibre, for once, saw the Far East and left a record.

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION

The American Procession. By AGNES ROGERS and F. L. ALLEN. *Harpers.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No one who has a genuine affection for "pictures," in the illustrative as well as the decorative sense of the word, can afford to neglect this charming book. Miss Agnes Rogers has assembled from various sources a large number of photographs illustrating the development of American life in many phases since the year 1860. Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen, author of that absorbing chronicle, *Only Yesterday*, has supplied a few words of introduction to each plate, but for the most part he is content to let the pictures tell their own tale. Which they do, sometimes tragically—as, to take a modern example, in the contrasted portraits of Woodrow Wilson in 1913 and, broken and defeated, in 1921: sometimes melodramatically—as in the photograph of Mayor William J. Gaynor, a few seconds after he had been shot by a discharged employee: sometimes comically—as in the delicious pictures of forgotten chorus girls, heroines of the stage and pillars of fashion. It is noticeable that, considered as photographic compositions, the earlier photographs are not infrequently the best. A photograph of "the fashionable Mrs. Belmont," wife of the German-American banker, posed in an artificial snowstorm, with muff, fur tippet and floating veil, is all that such photographs should be. Magnificent, too, though in quite a different manner, are the productions of the celebrated Civil War photographer, Brady, the view of the Union forces at Yorktown, Virginia, being particularly splendid. In fact, whether as a collection of good photographs or as an historical and sociological picture-book, *The American Procession* is well worth its modest price. For anybody who combines a love of pictures with a philosophic interest in men and things, here is a book that would undoubtedly make a seasonable present.

SHORTER NOTICES

Carlyle and Hitler. By H. J. C. GRIERSON. *Cambridge University Press.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Grierson has made an interesting use of his Adamson Lecture, delivered at the University of Liverpool in 1930. By certain additions and alterations, and by changing the title from "Carlyle and the Hero," to that now taken, he has drawn attention to the appositeness of Carlyle's teaching to our present situation, and has done much to restore the reputation of Carlyle as a social philosopher, which had declined owing to the neglect of his warnings during a time of illusory security. As he points out, Carlyle was one of the first to urge, and with what force, that the only way to avoid disaster was to turn our attention from the problems of production to those of distribution. It was he who said also that in times of crisis, when such problems become urgent, the human heart turns in hope not to the illusory forms of democratic rule but to salvation by the Hero. Hitler, Mussolini, and many minor dictators display, in the decisive support which, contrary to all the dictates of liberal reasoning, they unquestionably obtain from their peoples, the truth of this thesis, even though, as a truth, it requires correlation with others. Professor Grierson has striven nobly to replace Carlyle in his rank of Hero as Prophet.

COLLET'S

Late Henderson's :—"The Bomb Shop"

THE POLITICAL BOOKSHOP

FOR "THE LEFT AND LEFT-CENTRE"*

"WE WISH COLLET'S EVERY SUCCESS"†

AN INDEPENDENT BOOK-SHOP DEALING IN ALL ADVANCED PUBLICATIONS

66 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON

Temple Bar 6306

Write
Phone
Visit

CALL **COLLET'S**

*Mr. GERALD BARRY on the readers of the *New Statesman and Nation and Week End Review.*

†THE EDITOR, *New Statesman and Nation*

Boniface VIII. By T. S. R. BOASE. *Constable.* 15*s.*

This brilliant study of Boniface VIII and of the Europe of his time makes a somewhat anachronistic appearance in a series entitled *Makers of the Middle Ages.* A forerunner if not actually a child of the Renaissance, Boniface at most was a short-sighted and far from disinterested upholder of ecclesiastical medievalism in a world where legal thought was becoming increasingly secular, and where nationality was already looking askance at the political and pecuniary claims of the Papacy. Men were still prepared to pay reverence to Peter, but were growing chary of their "homage" and reluctant to part with their pence. On the other hand, no story of the Middle Ages could omit that of the Pope who so turbulently championed the suzerainty of Rome, against such sturdy individualists as Edward of England and Philip of France. Mr. Boase is to be congratulated on the use he has made of his material, to recreate not only the events and characters but also the very spirit of the time. Not the least attractive part of the work is that in which we watch Boniface in Italy and on his own ground balancing one Prince against another and establishing his family at the expense of the Colonna and their friends.

A History of Ireland. By JULIUS POKORNY. Translated from the German by DR. SEANA D. KING. With a Foreword by J. M. HONE. *The Talbot Press,* Dublin. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Julius Pokorny succeeded Kuno Meyer in the Chair of Celtic Studies at Berlin and is Editor of *Zeitschrift Für Celtische Philologie.* He is one of the most distinguished of contemporary Gaelic scholars and his exploration of pre-Aryan civilisation in these islands has aroused much interest. Unfortunately he has fallen a victim to the race theories of the Nazi regime and his name must be added to the increasing list of persecuted men of learning. Some years ago Dr. Pokorny caused a sensation when lecturing in Dublin. Rumour spread among patriots that this German savant had discovered that the Irish were the direct descendants of blubber-eating, oil-heated Eskimos. As Dr. MacNeill, a native scholar, had just announced that Cuchullin, the Achilles of the old Irish epics, really came from Liverpool the cup of bitterness was filled. Dr. Pokorny's theories are not so drastic as the earlier chapters of this book show: his theories concerning an Arctic element in the pre-historic populations both of Ireland and of Great Britain are neither extreme nor unprecedented. The original edition of this book was published in Germany in 1916, although it is now translated for the first time by Dr. King, and slightly revised. Dr. Pokorny is not an historian and the book was written frankly in defence of a small nation, and as an answer to the charges of Macaulay and Froude which still lingered on the Continent. In the preface to the 1916 edition Dr. Pokorny quoted Tennyson's remark: "The Kelts live on a horrible island and have no history of their own worthy of mention. Could not someone blow this terrible island up with dynamite, and carry it away piecemeal—far, far away?" The remarks of poets should not, of course, have been taken so seriously. Mr. J. M. Hone admits that Dr. Pokorny's generous tribute to Ireland conforms with patriotic Irish versions of history. But there is much of value in the book. Dr. Pokorny shows German thoroughness in the pages which he devotes to statistical information regarding the modern economic conditions of Ireland. He explodes the old theory of tribalism and shows that the Celtic family commune grew out of "an extreme form of private property." The contemporary Irish tendency towards a form of Distributism has its roots in the remote past.

Queen Victoria. By MONA WILSON. *Peter Davies.* 5*s.* net.

During the last few years the literature on Victoria's character and reign has reached such proportions that a short and capable summing up, such as Miss Wilson gives us, is very welcome. Feminists have never forgiven Victoria for her notorious utterance about the wickedness of the proposal to give women the vote and her almost hysterical protestations about the feebleness of her own sex, but, on Miss Wilson's presentation, this would appear to have been not a reactionary shriek, but the impotent cry of a woman with a grievance—that grievance being that she was a woman and not a particularly clever one. Victoria had been brought up to lofty ideas of the royal office and in temper and limitation of endowment strongly favoured her grandfather. Such being the case she was bound to resent the natural disability of her sex, especially when, at the age of forty-two, she was left a widow with all the cares of a large family. She honestly believed that it was her sacred duty to preserve the personal influence of the Crown in the business of government, but saw herself doomed to be remembered as the Sovereign under whom it ceased to exist. She knew she was not clever, but she also knew that even a stupid man could have put up a much better fight against the encroachments of ministers. That, we may infer, is why she hated Gladstone so heartily. Miss Wilson speaks of Gladstone's treatment of the Queen as "harsh." That is too strong a word, perhaps, but there can be little doubt that he took little trouble to be considerate, and that she saw in him the embodiment of masculine arrogance. Miss Wilson handles a difficult subject with excellent judgment and has that rarest of literary gifts in these days—perspicuity and elegance.

THE CRAFT OF PRINTING, ONCE recognised as "the art preservative of all arts," has been through many vicissitudes, but has now come into its own again. To-day fine typography is not a question of price but of specialised knowledge and taste linked with the resources of modern machinery.

WE SPECIALISE IN GOOD PRINTING for private and commercial work, and our prices, which include suggestions, estimates, dummies and layouts, are strictly competitive. We print catalogues of all kinds, brochures, programmes, leaflets, posters, business-cards, legal and official documents, private stationery, etc.

ESTIMATES AND ADVICE FREE

RICHMOND TOWERS
12 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.2
Temple Bar 3651-4

About Motoring

MOTORING AND PANIC LEGISLATION

THE national conscience is justifiably stirring in respect of road deaths. An average of eighteen fatalities per day cannot be disregarded, and public opinion supports the men who are pressing for action. Any student of public affairs can see with one eye what is likely to happen. Finance and foreign politics already overburden a Parliament which adopts on the whole rather a cynical attitude towards road legislation. Early in its history the motor car inspired a set of crude and incomplete statutes which never operated satisfactorily. Their reform was postponed over and over again for a variety of reasons. Chief among these reasons stood the gross unsuitability of a gigantic committee with nearly 700 members to thresh out detailed laws for the control of a highly technical problem. Second among these reasons ranked the dogfight which always develops when motoring questions come before the House. "Motoring" is a short, simple word, which covers an enormous range of opposed interests It includes the pedestrian, the cyclist, the public passenger services, the public freight services, an immense variety of private drivers, the gay bachelor motor cyclists, the parents of schoolchildren, the parents of children who play in the streets, the police, and a host of others, whilst last but not least the interests of the railways are intimately affected by road transport and road law. When all these partisan interests and prejudices join issue before a committee of nearly 700 members, inspired by widely differing allegiances and prejudices, and when that committee is already overworked and pressed for time, the final result is always likely to be some ill-tempered, impatient and irrational compromise. In existing circumstances something suspiciously like panic is being added to the general confusion; and from such parentage only rather dubious offspring can be expected. In the opinion of the present writer the best that can happen is the appointment of a very small and highly qualified committee, analogous to the committee of Aeronautical Research, which has performed such invaluable work in the parallel field of aviation. Such a committee can operate in the field of pure thought and with a certain degree of leisure. It could unquestionably draft laws which would be infinitely superior to any hasty improvisations rattled through Parliament on the basis of a Bill produced by the Ministry of Transport, and ripped to pieces in the House at the behests of all

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

New Books

A HISTORY OF EXPLORATION

By SIR PERCY SYKES, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.B. With 36 maps and 24 plates. 25s. *net*

The story of exploration, from the earliest times to date, in all the four quarters of the world. A pageant of great names, Ptolemy and Cæsar, Marco Polo and Ibn Battuta, Diaz and Columbus, Magellan and Cabot, Frobisher, Cook, Cartier, Livingstone, Stanley, Nansen, Scott, and scores of others.

GOD OR MAN

By Professor JAMES H. LEUBA, author of *The Psychology of Religious Mysticism.* 10s. 6d. *net*

Can religion still be of service to modern man, or must it yield to the scientific methods of healing body and mind? A sane and thought-provoking study which covers a wide ground.

THE RISE OF THE CELTS

By Professor H. HUBERT. With 12 maps and 47 illustrations. 16s. *net*

Reconstructs the obscure history of the Celts, from Spain to the Baltic and from Greece to Ireland. A long section is devoted to the British Isles. The vexed topics of the Celtic cradle and the Pictish race are fully treated.

THE REALITY OF MUSIC

By RUTLAND BOUGHTON, author of *Bach.* 7s.6d. *net*

Traces the influence of music on life, from its primitive manifestations through folk-music to its development under Christianity. Shows how religion, sex, work, war, and love have affected the music to which they have given rise.

THE TRANSITION TO DEMOCRACY

By O. F. CHRISTIE. 12s. 6d. *net*

A political and social history of England from 1867 to 1914, tracing the decline of the aristocratic tradition and the emergence of democratic institutions and policy.

SECRET WAYS OF THE MIND

By W. M. KRANEFELDT, with an Introduction by C. G. JUNG. 6s. *net*

A lucid and penetrating introduction to the work of Freud, Adler, and Jung, taking into account the most recent research.

MALEKULA

By A. BERNARD DEACON, with a Preface by A. C. HADDON. 3 maps, 24 plates, many text cuts. 42s. *net*

A remarkable full-length study of a vanishing people in the New Hebrides, of the greatest importance to ethnologists.

INDIAN PSYCHOLOGY

By Professor JADUNATH SINHA. 15s. *net*

This first attempt to make a constructive survey of Indian psychology deals wholly with Perception.

FABER & FABER

English Painting

R. H. WILENSKI

'The most interesting book on English Painting'

New Statesman and Nation

'Superbly illustrated'

Roger Pippett—Daily Herald

'Superbly bellicose'

Rebecca West—Observer

WITH 202 ILLUSTRATIONS. 30/-

A Short History of English Painting

ERIC UNDERWOOD

'An amazing achievement—keeps not only the periods but the figures in sound general focus.'—Sunday Referee. With 32 pages of illustrations. 7/6

A Short History of English Sculpture

ERIC UNDERWOOD

'This is the first reasonably complete history of English Sculpture.'—Daily Telegraph. With 48 pages of illustrations. 10/6

Art Now

HERBERT READ

'An absorbing and important book—the choice of illustrations, of which there are a great many, can hardly be overpraised.'—New Statesman and Nation. With 128 full page illustrations. 12/6

An Outline of English Painting

R. H. WILENSKI 2/-

A Chart of British Artists

H. S. EDE 1/-

FABER & FABER

24 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

the opposed interests. Naturally, only a strong and determined Government could force such a scientific Bill through the House without its suffering grievous injury in the process. But the problems are technical, and their solutions are to be found solely by scientific processes, and not by the weary conclusions of a democratic dogfight. Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman could single-handed produce a far better Bill than Parliament is likely to beget by normal procedure. Indeed, so many people with experience of previous attempts are prepared even in these democratic days to press for the nomination of a Traffic Dictator.

The burning question at the moment is the proposed reimposition of a speed limit. There are innocents who imagine that this single change in the law would transform the whole position. It can no more halve or quarter the toll of road deaths than a law ordering us all to take a daily dose of quinine can eliminate disease. No speed limit can save the people who are knocked down whilst crossing London streets in the rush hour, or avert the head-on collisions which occur when the sea-going roads are crammed at week-ends in August, and angry drivers lose their heads in queues. A properly enforced speed limit could unquestionably produce a subtle modification in the atmosphere of the roads. It cannot be enforced by eye, as an estimated speed of 45 miles an hour is as difficult to prove in court as an estimate that Jones was driving to the public danger. But if the roads were sprinkled with camouflaged police cars, concealing certified speedometers, and the courts became heavily occupied with cases in which two officers swore that they had driven behind the defendant for a mile during which they did not gain on him though they were averaging fifty miles an hour, the speedmongers would grow nervous, and mind their step. The cost of this enforcement would obviously be heavy. It might be well worth its cost. This is the real point at issue with speed limits, and it merits full research. But at the present moment nobody has estimated the cost of such enforcement, and nobody has analysed the accident returns with sufficient precision to estimate the probable reduction of accidents resulting therefrom. We have never experimented with a familiar Continental device—the absolute prohibition of all overtaking along certain sections of road. In France these sections are usually short, and are located wherever the road is narrow, and the side openings are blind, or house doors open direct into the street, or many children frequent the fairway at certain hours. It is possible that the expenditure of a few thousand pounds on "Overtaking Forbidden" boards, coupled with a short campaign of prosecutions for disobedience and the infliction of heavy penalties, might cut the tale of deaths quite as heavily as a speed limit would. Here again analysis of the accident returns is needed. Again, research might or might not indicate that railed pavements with limited pedestrian crossing-points offer the warmest hopes of reducing the casualties to foot passengers in certain cities. There are a great number of similar and simple expedients which might bring unexpectedly happy diminutions in the dreadful holocaust. The present writer suffers from a conviction that if he is ever involved in a motoring manslaughter case, it will be born either of collision with an invisible cyclist who carries no lamp or reflector, or of his being so severely dazzled on a wet night in a town, with innumerable lamps distracting and distorting his vision on all sides so that he fails at the critical moment to perceive somebody who is not dazzled, and who steps off the sidewalk under the illusion that he is necessarily visible to a driver whose attention has been distracted elsewhere. At the moment no public proposals offer protection from either common disaster. The slogan of those who are horrified by the present toll of the roads should be "Research." But the actual prospect is rather a threat of hasty, panic legislation which is likely to irritate everybody and to produce no substantial results whatsoever.

R. E. DAVIDSON

An Ideal Gift
One of these Gift Sets of
VITREOSIL DISHES
will delight the heart of any woman.
British-made by
THE THERMAL SYNDICATE LTD.,
VITREOSIL WORKS, WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.
No. 1 Set comprises: Pie Dish, 1 pint, Pie Dish, 1½ pints, Pie Dish, 2 pints, 3 Chromium-plated table stands - - - - 21/-
No. 2 Set: Casserole, 2 pints, Dish Lid, 1 Chromium-plated table stand - - - - - 15/-
No. 3 Set: Soufflé Dish, 1 pint, Soufflé Dish, 2 pints, Soufflé Dish, 3 pints, 3 Chromium-plated table stands 25/-
No. 4 Set: Fruit Dish, 1½ pints, Fruit Dish, 2½ pints, 2 Chromium-plated table stands 17/-
No. 5 Set: Casserole, 1½ pints, Casserole, 2 pints, 1 Lid, which fits either Casserole, and which can also be used by itself as a shallow cooking dish, 1 Chromium-plated table stand, which fits any of the three dishes 21/-
Each set securely packed in artistic box. Obtainable from Stores, China Dealers, Hardwaremen and Gas Companies. If any difficulty, please write the makers.

Week-end Competitions

Number 200

Set by Frank Sidgwick

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Dialogue in Verse between two B.B.C. Announcers, debating the propriety of paying any attention to the Recommendations of the Advisory Committee. Their controversy should be a conduit for disputable pronunciations rendered explicable by the metre. Limit, 20 lines.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 19th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 198

(Published in *Week-end Review*, December 30th)

Report by Naomi Royde Smith

A first prize of three guineas and a second prize of one guinea for a rendering into English verse of the following poem :—

NEUJAHRSBETRACHTUNGEN

Warum, o neues Jahr! soll ich
Mich Diener Ankunft freuen?
Man weiss ja niemals, soll man Dich
Mehr wünchen, oder scheuen.

Du trittst, ohn' anzuklopfen, ein
Und setzest fest dich nieder,
Und trollst dich, um recht grob zu seyn,
Auch ohne Urlaub wieder.

Man heisst mit freudigem Gesicht
Dich überall willkommen,
Und doch verräth Dein Anblick nicht,
Ob du als Freund gekommen.

Was hilft es uns, wird gleich von Dir
Ein eigen Buch geschrieben,
Wir wissen doch nicht, sollen wir
Dich hassen oder lieben.

HAMISH HAMILTON

'THE SMITH OF SMITHS'

(Sydney Smith)

by Hesketh Pearson

Introduction by G. K. Chesterton

'The Smith of Smiths.'—MACAULAY.

'Humour's pink primate.'—LANDOR.

'A more profligate parson I never met.'
—GEORGE IV.

'Smug Sydney.'—BYRON.

'You can't say too much about Sydney.'
—SCOTT.

With frontispiece portrait. 12s. 6d. *net*

MURDER—MADE IN GERMANY

by Heinz Liepmann

'A most impressive work.'—FEUCHTWANGER.

'Brilliantly vivid and scrupulously authentic.'
—LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

7s. 6d. *net*

SCARLET JOSEPHINE

A novel by Marjorie Worthington

REBECCA WEST (*Daily Telegraph*):
'Extraordinary talent.'

7s. 6d. *net*

A PLEA FOR A NATIONAL POLICY

3s. 6d. net

RECONSTRUCTION

By

Harold Macmillan, M.P.

"A sincere, thought-provoking, and extremely interesting scheme for national construction . . . Whatever criticisms it may arouse—and it is open to attack from all sides—it is certainly an intelligent attempt at building."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"This bold and thoughtful scheme of national economic planning deserves the close attention of all those who recognise, with the author, that competitive capitalism can no longer work."—*New Statesman.*

"One of the most thoughtful of the national planning Conservatives . . . his book may be recommended for its shrewdness and its clarity of statement."—*Liverpool Post.*

CHRISTIANITY AND ECONOMICS

By A. D. Lindsay, LL.D.

Master of Balliol College 5s. net

"Anyone who has ever harboured doubts on these questions . . . will be bound to welcome the profound thought which the Master of Balliol has given to formulating an answer. . . . Throughout the keenly reasoned argument . . . Dr. Lindsay writes on a plane far above partisanship."—*The Times.*

"Invaluable for all who feel responsibility for the Church's task."—*Church Times.*

"It is much the wisest and most suggestive book which I know on this critically important subject."—*Spectator.*

"A very interesting and searching little book."—*J. A. Spender, News-Chronicle.*

GERMANY'S DEFAULT

THE ECONOMICS OF HITLERISM

By Paul Einzig, Ph.D.

author of "Economic Foundations of Fascism," etc. 7s. 6d. net

This book draws attention to the connection between Germany's default on her foreign debt and the aggressive nationalism of the Nazi régime. Dr. Einzig contends that so far the economic policy of Herr Hitler's régime has been vacillating between extreme radicalism and extreme reaction. He maintains that Germany's policy of economic isolation must lead to an aggressive colonial and naval policy.

Macmillan

This eighteenth-century Viennese jingle has not been an easy subject for rendering into English, though two mis-prints of " b " for " ss," one in line 3, the other in line 9, did not bother the great majority of our competitors for these prizes.

Alastair, however, threw up the sponge and committed the following Epitaph to paper. It bears no reference to the original German.

EPITAPH

Here lies old nineteen-thirty three,
But we wouldn't mind,
Had the work he has left
Us—Been the right kind.

ALASTAIR

Another competitor, unwisely, attempted a four-line French epigram.

Of the remaining thirty-nine entries, the best were those whose entries observed the letter if not the spirit of the original and put their translations into the four-line stanza on two rhymes, one single, one double, used by writers of the song. Noel Archer, who composed a correct and very serious sonnet out of the material offered, quite missed its point.

Lenore's verse is neat and accurate, and deserves quotation if only for the sake of contrast with the closer version of A. W. :—

Tell me, I beg, New Year
How I'm to meet you,
Is it with joy or fear
That I should greet you?

No knock—but in you bounce
And down you sit,
Then off again you flounce
When you think fit.

All welcome you with glee,
Though *your* looks show
No promise. Do we see
A friend or no?

You write your own decree;
We but await you,
Not knowing whether we
Must love or hate you.

LENORE

Tell me, New Year, the reason why
I should look friendly on you
While still for valid cause seek I
To welcome or to shun you?

No knock, no greeting, in you come
And seat you unattended,
Then, just as mannerlessly dumb,
Go when your visit's ended.

With happy face, on this your day,
Men cry you welcome blithely,
Yet is your glance veiled; who can say
If you will treat us kindly?

And tho' you enter on your slate
Each thought, each word, each deed, it
Will be too late to love or hate
You by the time we read it.

A. W.

Marion Peacock, taking a poet's licence, has written these charming couplets :—

New Year inscrutable as death!
Shall sigh or laughter take our breath?

How shall we greet thy nonchalance,
With modest step or joyous dance?

Thine eyes respond to no man's call
There is no Writing on the Wall. . . .

What boots man's sharp anxiety
When God alone controlleth thee?

It is with very great pleasure that I award the first prize to Hilary, who has made a thoroughly English counterpart of this scrap of old rhyme offered her.

FIRST PRIZE

THE NEW YEAR

I don't hold nowise wi' their merry-makin'
All along of this New Year.
For why? He don't let on if dawn be breakin'
For a dark day, or clear.

Niver no clap on door—but in he pushes,
Sits fast from morn to eve,
And presently, fair uncivil, off he rushes
Without a " By your leave."

Folks bids him welcome, like they'd got a blessin',
All for the sight of he,
And yet he's strong-like, an' keeps 'em guessin'
What he'll turn out to be.

Nor it don't help at all, to know he's writin'
What ain't been writ afore.
Us asks: Be it for cursin', or delightin',
What he do hold in store?

HILARY

The second prize goes to Alice Herbert, for the best literal version received.

SECOND PRIZE

Why, O new year, should I suppose
It safe to clap and cheer you,
When no one living really knows
Whether to want or fear you?

Not even knocking, in you stalk
For your determined sitting;
Then, ruder still, away you walk
Without a bow at quitting!

Why are our looks at you benign?
No mortal can discover
From yours the semblance of a sign
That you're a foe—or lover!

How does it help that you'll indite
Your own book on our slate? It
Will all depend on *what you write*
Whether we love or—hate it.

ALICE HERBERT

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 55.—TANGENT

" My great-grandfather, old Tangent " (said young Tangent) " made the most extraordinary will."

" Really? " said I. " Did he leave a lot then? "

" Practically nothing. Just the proceeds of a small house in the suburbs. But you know what a crank he was—mad on mathematics. So what do you think he did? He ordained that the sum he left should be divided into other sums, each consisting of an exact number of pounds; these numbers were to be in geometrical progression. Then such of these sums as were susceptible in the same way of division into other sums (the values of these latter, expressed in pounds, being also in geometrical progression), were to be further subdivided; and so on till the process could be carried no farther. This provided just enough legacies for all the old boy's descendants."

" All differing in amount I suppose? " said I.

" I don't think they were all different," said young Tangent. Their average value, I remember, was £20. And I know the largest legacy came to me."

How much did young Tangent receive?

PROBLEM 53.—ALICE'S EXAMINATION

A simple problem (save that one competitor has misread it: he appropriately signs himself " Mad Hatter "). The only numbers of girls that will fulfil the prescribed conditions are 5 and 4; their marks must be, in the first examination:

16 15 14 13 12

and in the second:

24 23 22 21

Since Alice leads in both examinations, *her total score must be* 40.

PROBLEM 52.—THE GREEK TRANSLATION

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: H. W. Palmer, 172 Victoria Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.

Six points are awarded for this problem.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution, selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have secured a prize on this cumulative point basis become eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and must reach this office not later than the Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

Smoke Barneys from its 'EverFresh' Tin

HISS-SS!
This releases vacuum seal and allows the Tin to be opened.

IN a World of change Barneys is constant, *always* fresh .... FACTORY-FRESH: no other Tobacco has this climate-defying, condition-maintaining "EverFresh" Protection.

Barneys is good Tobacco *kept good:* how good Barneys is, you may judge from these two facts:

(1) In a little more than a score of years it has grown from a local distribution in and around Edinburgh to Empire-wide fame and sale.

(2) In spite of *the many* new brands of Empire and other Tobaccos, Barneys Ideal *continues* to grow and expand by winning new friends and keeping them.

Try Barneys next time. Cool, even-burning and long-lasting, Barneys may bring you a deeper realisation of pipe-joy than you ever before have known. You most certainly will not meet a Tobacco in finer smoking condition.

BARNEYS IDEAL
In three strengths: 1/2*d. oz.*

Barneys (*medium*) suits the average mixture smoker; Parsons Pleasure is *mild* .... for gentler palates and the beginner-with-the-pipe; Punchbowle is *full strength*, strong, cool, and *deeply* satisfying, much favoured by men of Sport.

BARNEYS EMPIRE
"The best Empire yet" .. 10½*d. oz.*

This new Barneys Empire blend sets a higher standard amongst economy Tobaccos, possessing much of the charm that made Barneys Ideal world-famous. Barneys Empire *is* a high-priced mixture in most things *but* price.

Barneys
THE IDEAL TOBACCO

Factory-fresh .... everywhere

(B.W.1)

HEAL'S
THREE WEEK PLAN

LASTS UNTIL Jan. 24

An opportunity to buy first quality goods at third quality prices

FURNITURE
FABRICS
CARPETS
POTTERY
GLASS
& METAL WARE

AT PRICES RANGING FROM

½ TO ¾

OF ORIGINAL PRICES

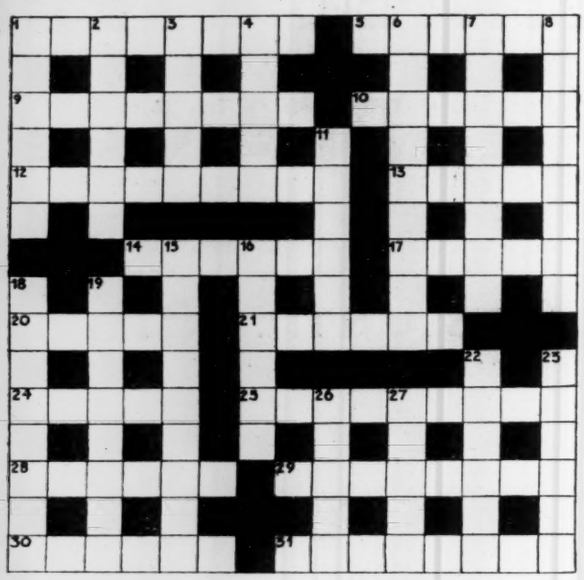
We are making a clean sweep of all our Antiques; those pieces that remain are being sold at ½ price or less.

No catalogues are being issued

HEAL & SON
196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1

WEEK-END CROSSWORD—201

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. The winner of last week's crossword is: J. W. Shuker, Manor House, Falmouth.



ACROSS

1. M I emphasise (8).
5. You see it in the facial part of 20 (6).
9. The cogwheels of the brain? (8).
10. One of these became an amphibian king (6).
12. A clean sheet (9).
13. Vedic poet (5).
14. Sign of the times in Germany (6).
17. With several tables one may bridge it (5).
20. This orange is the longest odds to the money market (5).
21. Used to make frozen steps (6.)
24. A brace turned sour (5).
25. The schoolboy considers his imposition to be (9).
28. Fierce creature and found in a morass (6).
29. What burns with conceit where one may keep warm (8).
30. Change please (6).
31. Heats legally abolished on Jan. 1, 1926 (8).
11 and 26. Trolley tramcars might be said to be safely so (11).
15. Volumes that obviously appear at the end of the year (9).
16. 4 this comes before the public (6).
18. Indecorous struggle in which eggs often play a part (8).
19. The bairn, he and I go to Ireland (8).
22. Quinsy (6).
23. Set astride a donkey (6).
26. *See* 11.
27. *Punch* artist of mid-nineteenth century (5).

DOWN

1. According to the Sunnis these are always false (6).
2. A sea one for pulling (6).
3. A phenomenon of death (5).
4. Worldly theatrical description (5).
6. Describes an unconventional view (9).
7. Bartle Massy's dog (8).
8. Sad siren for the last Mohammedan dynasty in Spain (8).

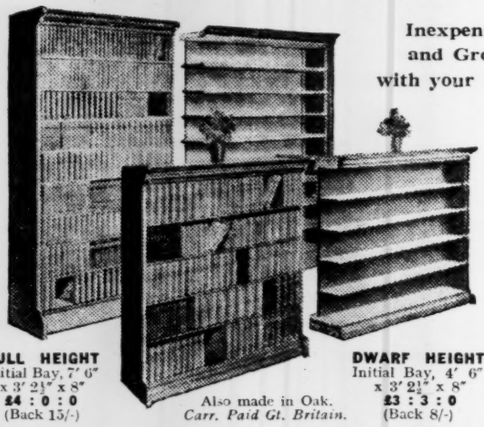
LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

NOTE.—Eliza—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

D	E	T	E	S	T	S	■	N	A	T	A	S	H	A
A	■	O	■	W	■	C	■	E	■	H	■	I	■	M
B	E	P	P	O	■	A	G	A	M	E	M	N	O	N
B	■	K	■	R	■	L	■	R	■	S	■	G	■	E
L	I	N	D	E	U	P	■	B	E	E	T	L	E	S
E	■	O	■	O	■	E	■	Y	■	V	■	E	■	T
D	U	T	I	F	U	L	■	■	S	E	N	T	R	Y
■	■	■	D	■	S	P	A	■	N	■	■	■	■	■
B	Y	R	O	A	D	■	■	N	E	S	T	E	G	G
R	■	A	■	M	■	T	■	A	■	I	■	R	■	A
U	N	C	L	O	S	E	■	C	O	S	S	E	T	S
I	■	E	■	C	■	N	■	O	■	T	■	M	■	B
S	I	M	P	L	E	T	O	N	■	E	L	I	Z	A
E	■	E	■	E	■	H	■	D	■	R	■	T	■	G
R	E	S	I	S	T	S	■	A	N	S	W	E	R	S

MASTERCRAFT PORTABLE SHELVING

AT REDUCED PRICES



Inexpensive and Grows with your Needs

FULL HEIGHT
Initial Bay, 7' 6" x 3' 2½" x 8"
£4 : 0 : 0
(Back 15/-)

Also made in Oak.
Carr. Paid Gt. Britain.

DWARF HEIGHT
Initial Bay, 4' 6" x 3' 2½" x 8"
£3 : 3 : 0
(Back 8/-)

WHETHER your collection of books is small or large "MASTERCRAFT" is the perfect shelving. Add more bays as you add more books. Rigid, handsome, inexpensive and easily erected. Varying sizes for small or large books. Adjustable shelves. All parts standardised.

OTHER DESIGNS from 35/-

Send Coupon for Illustrated List No. 31.

LIBRACO, LTD., 62, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me post free copy of Illustrated list No. 31.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT
For relief from COLDS and CATARRH breathe the germicidal vapour frequently. A drop on the handkerchief by day and on the pillow at night give comfort and protection.
2/- per bottle
All Chemists
3/- double size

THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE

Edited by HAROLD STOREY

JANUARY NUMBER

The New State-Trading.

Parliamentary Reform.

Marketing and Trade Restrictions.

The Simonite Organisation.

Employment Statistics.

Parliamentary Debates — Divisions — Foreign Notes—Blue Books—Diary of the Month, etc.

6d. Monthly. *6s. a Year.*

Liberal Publication Department,
21, Abingdon Street, London, S.W.1.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
1932
By
A. J. TOYNBEE 24/- net

DOCUMENTS ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
1932
Edited by J. W. WHEELER-BENNETT
Assisted by Stephen Heald 20/- net

". . . Both volumes have become indispensable standard works for any library of importance, and no student of foreign policy, no politician and keen observer of international affairs, can do without them. . ." *Financial News.*

THE STATUTE OF WESTMINSTER
1931
By
K. C. WHEARE 6/- net

". . . We may be grateful to Mr. Wheare and to the Clarendon Press for a very useful bit of work. . ." *Observer.*
". . . A thoroughly well-presented and full survey of the history of events leading up to the statute and of the underlying practical questions in handy form. . ." *Headway.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

FACTS OF LIFE

BOOKS which supply knowledge of the facts of Life are a necessity to every man and woman. Recent utterances by legal and religious authorities have marked the definite change of opinion that has taken place regarding the necessity for sound Sex Education. We had foreseen such a change, and the undermentioned books by authoritative authors—dealing with all the phases of the subject—provide all the information necessary for you to have. In your own interests you are urged to make your choice without delay :—

WISE WEDLOCK (Birth Control). Nearly 100,000 sold. A most complete book on Birth Control **6/4**

SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE Dr. Beale's latest work. A remarkable book of revelation ... **6/4**

THE REALITIES OF MARRIAGE A book of guidance for Men and Women in which the author answers most Marital problems **6/4**

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE An entirely new **practical** book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman **5/3**

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY By Dr. R. T. TRALL. The most illuminating book ever published and the only Authentic illustrated edition **13/-**

SEX AND HUMAN NATURE. By BOSWELL KING. A series of remarkable studies on the psychological relationship of sex to human nature **15/6**

PITFALLS OF MARRIAGE W. M. Gallichan's most able volume on Marriage. **3/9**

MEDICAL VIEWS ON BIRTH CONTROL With an introduction by Lord Horder. Let your decisions be guided by this book, written by the greatest medical authorities in the land **3/9**

MARRIAGE: BEFORE AND AFTER Full of important information and advice.
THE PERFECT WIFE A book which every woman should read.
THE COMPLETE HUSBAND A wonderful book of advice for the Husband—Actual and Prospective.
THE HAPPY LOVER A luminous guide book which will be of unequalled help to millions.
WOMAN AND LOVE. Every woman will be the better for the reading of this work.
1/2 each or the five books for **5/4**

Complete Catalogue free on request. All prices include postage.
From your bookseller or direct from the publishers :—
THE GEORGE H. WALES Publishing Co.,
Dept. 169, 26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

1934 January, **NEW ATLANTIS** Quarterly 3/6 Post 6d.
A SURVEY of
Science, Psychology, Economics, Politics, Art, Poetry, Religion—A Synthetic Anthology of all Western Culture. Jan. 1934 issue includes articles by Stephen Graham. Odon Por, S. G. Hobson, Jan Gordon, Poetry by Hugh Macdiarmid, Josipkosn, Vladimir Nazor, Guiterman. Psychological Articles by Otto Müller and Erwin Wexberg. A letter from Germany, and an address to Hitler by L'Ordre Nouveau. Illustrations of Modern Italian Painting, and Sculpture of Meštrović.
From any newsagent, or from 55 GOWER STREET, W.C.1

YOU, TOO, CAN HELP
BY GIVING YOUR SHARE

Every year the Life-Boat Service requires 1,000,000 contributions of 5/- to continue its great work of service to mankind on the seas round the British Isles.
It is the task of these brave men to answer every signal of distress —and your privilege—if you will—to help them.

WILL YOU SEND
5/-
NOW ?
or as much more as you can afford?

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.
THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.